

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## THE INVESTIGATION AT HOLMAN SQUARE

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### I.

HOW did I happen to pick it up? What strange impelling force prompted me to stoop and secure that folded bit of paper faintly visible in the light of a corner street-lamp? I was in a "tough" part of New York, and the streets were filled with belated working-men hurrying homeward, but I halted against the tide of humanity to read the note.

There was no envelope, and no name nor address. The writing simply ran:

#### MY BELOVED ONE:

How constantly I have thought of you to-day! You are my life—as deeply a part of me as the color is of the rose. To-night I shall pray to dream of you and feel your kisses upon my lips. I long for to-morrow, my darling, for you are the richest gift that fortune has in store for me. I love you—it is the cry of my heart, and within the shelter of those divine words I place the remainder of my life. I love you and am forever yours. Until to-morrow, dearest one, I am

YOUR LONELY GIRL.

JUNE THE FIFTEENTH.

I folded the note, wondering what I should do with it. Its mission might be the fate for happiness or misery of some man or woman.

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I was very tired after a hard day's work, so, putting the paper into my pocket, I hurried to take the subway uptown.

A large gas-main had burst the day before near the corner of Houston Street and Avenue A, and adjacent to our company's cables, and I was thankful to leave the evil-smelling excavation surrounded by a still more evil-smelling herd of idle human cattle of nondescript make-up or nationality. Yet my own lot was at present only a peg or two higher in the great scale of life, for I was on my way to a second-story hall-room in a rather dingy house on West Sixty-fifth Street.

When seated in the car I took from my pocket the bit of paper I had picked up in that low, unhappy neighborhood and again examined the note. The paper was of fine quality and delicate gray in tint, but without monogram, crest, or street-number, which one might expect to find upon such tasteful and expensive stationery. I was particularly struck by the handwriting, which was that of a woman. It reflected culture, ease, and grace, and I wondered what such a note was doing in the slums of New York.

I examined the sheet more minutely and discovered in the left-hand corner the following number, finely and neatly written: 331. Perhaps part of a lovers' code, I thought, as I folded the paper and placed it in my pocket.

I closed my eyes for a moment and lost myself in thought. The finding of the love note so charming in its composition and execution took me back to a summer's day about a year ago, when I was working on telegraph construction for the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. The Mayflower Express had been detained at the Thames Bridge pending some slight track adjustment, and I had swung myself below to a lower truss upon which I was to string our wires when I came alongside the observation platform of a private car attached to the end of the train. Seated there with a magazine in her lap was a young woman whose exquisite golden hair and deep blue eyes were second only to the high womanly character her features reflected. She was my perfect ideal of young American womanhood, and made a charming picture. Yet the obvious contrast between the world she represented and my present lot gave me a pang of unhappiness and homesickness.

I was dressed as a trackman in blue jean overalls and working-man's cap, and was tightening the nuts on a heavy iron bracket with a large spanner wrench. She watched me intently and without hesitation, as any woman might observe a mechanic, and appeared much interested in what I was doing. I felt subtly conscious of her approval and of her respect for the great class of men who work with their hands. There was a sweet and tender look in her eyes as I met them twice when I paused at the work, and I found myself wondering if they

could possibly contain more than mere interest in the installation of the cables. I sighed at the wild absurdity of the thought. Again my eyes met hers, and, fanciful as it was, I madly allowed myself to picture a meeting of the hearts.

The Mayflower Express did not linger long—possibly thirty minutes in all—before it slowly began to move. As the car passed the truss I was working on, I looked into the girl's eyes and smiled faintly. My heart gave a bound as she colored and smiled also. I felt that she was leaving me forever. Suddenly, and only just perceptibly, she waved her handkerchief from the now rapidly departing car. I tore off my cap and brandished the heavy spanner wrench aloft until the glistening brasswork of the Pullman grew dim and disappeared. I tried to learn whose car it was and who she might be, but without success.

Life seemed unfamiliar and empty after she had faded away in the distance, and, deep in thought, I leaned on the heavy tool. I did not look forward to seeing her again. It was but a glimpse into another world. I knew she must have everything her heart could wish for—home, luxury, love, friends, and a fortune. She was undoubtedly some lucky man's sweetheart or wife—and often since that day I had found myself thinking of her.

At this stage in my meditations, I once more took the note out of my pocket and looked at the handwriting. Somehow it reminded me of the girl of the private car. Yes, the ease and grace of the writing reflected just such a young woman as I had seen on that Boston train. Again that unfamiliar loneliness swept over me, and the longing for a home with love and sweet contentment that can come to a man only when he takes the right woman by the hand for his companion through life. Although, as I have said, I was very tired and had but little money in my pocket, I obeyed a sudden impulse which led me to get off the train at Thirty-third Street and walk over to the *Herald* office.

"There is but a chance in a million," I said to myself whimsically when, later, I continued my journey home, "but I am glad to risk a quarter for love's sake." The next morning the following lines appeared in the paper:

FOUND—a love letter. Owner may receive it by sending quotation to identify same.

ALFRED HARKNESS,  
— W. 65th Street.

I read the advertisement over on my way to work and wondered why I had taken the trouble to insert it, for the person who had dropped the letter would in all probability never think of looking in the "lost" column of a daily paper for news of it. Then, even if he or she did happen to see the advertisement, it might be embarrassing to claim the

note, for it might have been a factor in a clandestine love affair. What was such a note doing down there at Avenue A and Houston Street? Probably the man dropped it after taking it from its envelope. Yes, it must have been the man who dropped it, after receiving it in the mail. Had the girl lost the note, of course, it would have been in its addressed envelope. If I received any reply to my advertisement, I argued, it would be from a man. Thus I congratulated myself upon my reasoning as I went into an eating-place for breakfast. It was Saturday and I was nearly broke, so I trimmed my breakfast accordingly. I was feeling unhappy and dissatisfied with my lot in life when I paid my fifteen-cent check, and it did n't add any to my cheerfulness when I tripped over a pail of water upon the marble floor. My rising anger over the fact that the bucket had been left where people could stumble over it was tempered, however, by the sight of the woman at my feet. She was old and her hair was white. A pang of sadness went through my heart, for there was something about her that reminded me of my mother. She drew the pail in closer to where she knelt, and as I apologized and looked into her poor wrinkled face I realized that I ought to be better satisfied with my own lot.

An uneventful day's work upon the cables passed, and I left for the office of the company to get my pay. I was drawing only twenty dollars a week, but somehow this afternoon I felt rich with the four crisp five-dollar notes, and more contented than usual in my work. I hastened uptown to take my bath and change my clothes, with a thankful feeling that the following day was Sunday. Much to my surprise and interest, I saw lying on the hall table at the house where I had my room a note in a delicate gray envelope and addressed to me in the same refined, womanly handwriting of the love letter. I opened the envelope carefully for fear I might otherwise destroy some clue, and took out the note with eager fingers. The writing was brief and to the point:

"How constantly I have thought of you to-day." Please return  
to A. L. Chalmers, University Club, City.

I was a little disappointed, for now I could not definitely figure out who had lost the letter, after all. Was she, through me, sending the letter to her lover, or was he writing for it, and was the handwriting, after all, a man's? No, that was absurd, for the letter was signed "Your lonely Girl." Perhaps the woman wanted the letter back and gave the name and address of some friend who would receive it for her. Yet if the writer had lost the letter, why should she go to so much trouble to get it back, especially as no name was signed? It appeared to me that she could have written the letter over again far

more easily. Then there was that strange number, 331, in the lower corner. Possibly the fact that this number had been forgotten made it necessary for the writer to have it. Perhaps the letter was not a love letter at all, but a clever code among crooks who were planning some crime. No, this was even more absurd; the charming execution of the note was enough to insure a high-minded motive. I had worried quite enough about it, however, so, enclosing it in an envelope, I sent it as requested. The next day was Sunday, and I had time upon my hands to spend, so in spite of my resolutions to let the matter drop, I looked up A. L. Chalmers in the city directory. He appeared there as "Director C. R. N. J.," which I took to stand for the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

I have always possessed a strong passion for romance and mystery, and I was tempted to call upon Mr. Chalmers at his club or at his office on some pretext in order that I might look him over. I would not be able to give him my right name, of course, for he might connect me at once with the note episode. However, upon reflection, I saw the impropriety of seeking to learn anything further about the matter, for my willingness to insert the advertisement certainly did not entitle me to pry. I had simply endeavored to do a kind act in placing the advertisement, and it was now the duty of a gentleman to put the whole thing aside.

The episode was like a ship that passes in the night, the affair serving as a reminder that there were love and happiness in the world but at the same time emphasizing my own loneliness.

I was indeed lonely and literally struggling with the groundwork of my profession. I had been graduated from two engineering schools, but I had always held that the best way to obtain a complete mastery of one's profession was to begin at the bottom and work up. My work at this time was far from my liking, and at times I became discouraged, but not to the extent of seeking an easier berth and thereby abandoning my cherished plans. The fact that my father and sister were partly dependent on me for support did not serve to make it any easier for me, especially as they lived some distance away, and I could not very well bring them to New York.

## II.

MONDAY was warm and sultry. As I stood in deep yellow mud at the edge of our excavation, fanning my face with my cap, I suddenly noticed a crowd collecting at the corner below, and saw a policeman striking across the street diagonally to investigate. A stout and excitable Italian woman was standing by the curb and frantically beckoning with both hands to a neighbor in a second-story window of a house opposite. Some poor devil had been hurt, I said to myself.

Then a boy came running up to me and asked for a "dipper of water to t'row on the lady what fainted."

Picking up a bucket of water upon which a long-handled tin dipper was floating, I hurried down to the corner where the crowd was congregated. The policeman, seeing my pail, pompously pushed a way open for me. When I reached the prostrate form and set down the bucket, I saw that a lean and haggard-looking woman was kneeling by the patient, rubbing one of her hands.

Imagine my feelings when I recognized in the unconscious girl the beautiful passenger of that Boston train! They were, to say the least, a painful combination of surprise, joy, and consternation. Of course I was for several moments in perplexity, for the rough and low surroundings, in which she seemed so out of place, made me doubt my senses. I took her handkerchief and gently applied some of the water to her face and forehead.

"Do you know who the lady is?" I asked the woman who had knelt by her.

"Naw, never seed her," she replied in broken English.

"Did she strike her head in falling?" I asked.

"Not strike head; drop right down easy like," the woman replied.

I handed a half-dollar to a fellow standing near and asked him to get me some strong smelling salts. He pushed his way through the crowd, while I bathed the girl's face and waited. He did not return.

"What a conscienceless scoundrel!" I said angrily between my teeth.

I was about to send for medical assistance when the girl slowly opened her eyes and looked at me. A startled, then puzzled expression came over her face, and then she sighed deeply. I stroked her hand softly, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. She closed her eyes again for an instant and then opened them. They were as deep and as blue as the heavenly skies above us. A faint smile crept over her lips.

"I—I must have fainted," she said. "You were very good to care for me."

"I'm so glad you feel better," I said. "I was beginning to be worried."

Her beautiful, appealing eyes seemed to search my very soul.

"Worried?" she queried, and closed her eyes for a moment, but presently she looked up at me again and took me in from my coarse working-man's cap down to my clumsy, mud-covered boots. Her brows knit a trifle.

"I feel much better now," she said. "May I sit up?"

A gong sounded down the street, followed by the rumble of wheels. The idle lookers-on turned to see a patrol drive up to the curbing. Two policemen came to the girl's side.

"Case of booze?" inquired one of the patrolmen of the other.

"Guess so," replied his companion. "She's able to sit up, it appears."

Ignoring me, they started roughly to lift her to her feet and to drag her to the wagon. She held on to my hand tightly.

"Don't let them take me to a hospital," she said. "I'll be all right soon."

"You can't lie on the sidewalk," said one of the policemen roughly. "You're blocking the streets."

"Oh, come, officer," I said; "the street is closed anyhow, so this young woman is not obstructing anything. She will be all right very soon. Besides, I have authority to block this street," I added, and I handed him a paper from the municipality, closing the street as a "public thoroughfare pending engineering work."

"Guess she'll not obstruct it much more than them cable reels, any way," replied the other patrolman, and with muttered exchange of words they left us.

I helped the girl to her feet. "How queer I feel!" she said. "I'm too dizzy to walk."

I guided her to a doorstep and spread out a pair of overalls which one of my men brought for her to sit upon.

"I'll drive the lady home," said a well dressed but rather sporty-looking man who had come up to my side. "If you'll come around to my office, I'll send for a coupé."

"Thank you," she replied, "but I prefer to wait until I am able to take a car."

"Too pious to ride with a gentleman, I suppose," sneered the stranger. "Perhaps you'll allow the greaser to carry you," he added, as he turned and walked away. I impulsively started to stop him and to draw him into an encounter he would have good reason to remember, but the thought that it might result in unpleasant notoriety for the girl made me pause.

"Don't mind him," she said sweetly and sympathetically, noticing the angry flush that swept over my face. "He is not worthy of your notice."

"It's mighty lucky for the bloke th' boss did n't take him up on that," said one of my men, a big, raw-boned Irishman. "I saw him do up a jay twice the size o' him once."

"That'll do, Mike," I said. "Go 'phone the office to send those extra lanterns for to-night." The crowd was losing interest now and was rapidly thinning out. I got hold of another boy, a merry-looking, red-faced lad, and sent him after some aromatic spirits of ammonia, which helped her not a little.

I was beside her on one knee, and the only spectators now were a little girl with two very long pig-tails, who was holding a rag doll;

and a very old man, apparently too feeble-minded to decide whether to move on or to stay.

"Won't you let me get you a cab when you feel able to start?"

"Perhaps. I believe I'd better not risk going home on the cars," she faltered.

She was looking at me as intently as the little girl and the old man were staring at her. I felt that she was trying to "place" me, being dimly conscious of having seen me before, but not knowing where. I was in turn very curious to learn something about her, and I quickly resolved to act the part of an ordinary working-man in the hope that she might, because of my greater simplicity, become more trustful and confidential.

"Perhaps I may send some telephone message for you, miss." I emphasized the word "miss." She looked at me earnestly for a moment.

"No, thank you. I'll let you get me a cab presently."

The feeble-minded old man shuffled down the street, and the little girl with the long pig-tails began to devote more attention to her rag doll, and then suddenly ran off, with no further interest in the cause of the excitement.

"Yes," I said to myself; "it is she, my beautiful ideal of the Mayflower Express. Is it possible that she remembers me?" She caught me gazing with admiring eyes at her golden hair and her lovely features.

"Pardon my unpresentable hands, miss;" and I took from her the little vial which she was still holding. She looked at me intently again, and I felt guilty, for it was undoubtedly the use of the word "miss" that deepened her gaze and her interest in me.

"Have you been employed here long—that is, in New York?" she asked.

"About a year, miss," I answered.

A faint smile stole about her lips, and presently she rose to her feet and stood leaning unsteadily against a railing.

"I feel quite myself now, but awfully ashamed, for I never fainted like this before."

"It is the heat. Will you walk along with me until we can find a cab, or shall I go for one?"

"I'd rather walk along with you than stay here," she said. A pretty color came to her face at this reply. My heart rose and sank. "Oh, if only such a girl loved me!" I thought to myself, and a feeling of utter hopelessness came over me. We had walked just a block when a hansom came in sight. There was a fellow inside who pushed his cane violently up through the trap in the top when he saw the girl with whom I was walking. The driver pulled up his horse suddenly,

and the man alighted. My companion looked pale again, and, I suspected, was also somewhat annoyed.

"Who's your friend, Ethel?" said the man sarcastically, nodding towards me.

"I was overcome by the heat, and I fainted and fell in the street."

She showed her gown badly streaked with mud.

"This"—she paused—"workman has been a friend in need."

"Get in," said the man peremptorily, and he motioned to the hansom. The girl started to obey, then paused and tore a leaf from a book she carried.

"If you ever need a friend, call at this address and ask"—she was writing now upon the scrap of paper—"for this gentleman."

"What are you doing, Ethel?" asked her companion angrily.

She paid no heed to his question, but folded the paper and handed it to me.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Alfred Harkness, miss," I replied.

She glanced at me suddenly and started, then looked at the folded paper she had just handed to me, as if to wish it back again. She became greatly embarrassed; then opened her purse and fumbled within in search of something among the contents. Presently she offered me a coin.

My first inclination was to refuse it, of course, but I had but an instant to think, and when I reflected that such a course would hardly be in line with the part I had elected to play, I accepted it.

"Thank you, miss," I said, and touched my cap as she stepped into the cab, followed by the man. I met her eyes fully and deeply for an instant through the window as the hansom drove away. There was a smile upon her lips, a brighter smile than I had yet seen, but her companion was frowning darkly. Then I looked at the coin which I held and saw that it was a twenty-dollar gold piece. Then I unfolded the paper. There written in the same easy, cultivated handwriting of the love letter was the following:

*A. L. Chalmers, Esq.  
University Club  
Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue*

### III.

THE next morning I awoke with my mind full of the events of the previous day. I had seen *her* again, and I felt more deeply concerned over the matter than I dared admit to myself. At first I was happy, for my thoughts were only of her blue eyes and her golden hair; then my heart grew as heavy as lead. I was only a poor, struggling fellow,

and she, probably one of New York's rich and fashionable set, as far from my feeble reach as the glorious sun above us. I looked at the gold piece. It was as rich and beautiful as her hair, and, like her, stood for sterling worth. I felt like a miserable cad to have taken her money even in the way I did, and yet for all the world I would not have parted with it.

Thus meditating, I almost forgot that I was due at work at a certain hour.

Another long day passed, and I was about to leave for our tool-wagon, there to remove my overalls and wash off the first layer of dirt for the trip up-town, when word was received to remain and oversee a night shift which was to push the work through until morning. This meant work for me until midnight, or until a night superintendent could relieve me, so I went to the telephone and broke an engagement I had made with a young doctor chum to go to the theatre.

There was a lunch-room a few blocks over, and I started out for the place with but little relish for my evening meal. The sidewalks, fire escapes, and gutters were swarming with scantily clad, dirty children, and the babel of their voices almost drowned the machine-like music of a hurdy-gurdy, out of which a stolid Italian was grinding tune after tune.

My companions at supper were a motley crew. One pale, thin man—I could not tell his nationality—sat immediately opposite me, and with him was a sickly girl of ten or twelve years.

"A dejected widower and his child," I said to myself.

They both ate pork and cabbage with apparent relish—and also with knives.

How different from this poor little girl's must *her* childhood have been! I was glad to get through with my supper of bread, corned beef, and poor coffee, and get out of the ill-smelling place. I lit a cigarette, and strolled leisurely back to the excavation, thinking of her, of my miserable surroundings, and of my own poor situation, but little dreaming of the developments that were destined to follow before the night was over.

When the night superintendent appeared, it was eleven o'clock, and I was very tired. Leaving the place for my room by cutting diagonally across the street, I felt some one just behind me, and, turning suddenly, I faced the man who the day before had driven away in a hansom with the girl of my thoughts.

"Your name is Harkness, is n't it?" he asked. "You were able to render a certain young lady some assistance yesterday afternoon."

"I was glad to have been on duty near the place where the lady fell, so that I could do what little I did to make her comfortable," I replied.

"Well, Mr. Chalmers has taken it into his head that he would like to see you," my companion said dryly. "You appear to be just leaving, but Mr. Chalmers is down-town to-night and asked me to find you."

"Does he wish to see me this evening? It is after eleven," I added.

"Yes; he is at Holman Square, and particularly wished that you return with me if I was able to find you."

"Of course I'll go," I replied, "but I don't wish any reward. I should not have accepted the money the young lady gave me this afternoon if I had had a moment to think."

My companion made no reply, but he looked unpleasantly sceptical, and we started off in the direction of Mr. Chalmers's office. We had turned and were walking down by the place where the girl had fainted. Two blocks below was Holman Square. We had left behind us the tenements and the now sleeping herd of miserable children. I was wondering what Mr. Chalmers's business could be at this hour in this low, deserted corner of the city, when I became conscious of the fact that a hansom cab was following us, a half block behind and on the other side of the street. I turned and looked back. There appeared to be some one against the far corner inside, but I could not make out whether it was man or woman. We turned at the corner of Holman Square, and I was attracted by the sight of a dingy gray stone building of great size but of forbidding appearance, which faced one entire side of the gloomy square. It was of a very rough, dirt-stained granite, constructed of huge blocks, mason's work of sixty years ago, and with heavy iron bars to all the windows. Although a gigantic warehouse of some kind, it looked far more like a prison. The glass behind the iron bars was dimmed with grime, and by the light from a neighboring lamp-post it was evident that the windows were thick with cobwebs and had been closed for years.

My companion ran nimbly up the steps leading to the entrance and took from his pocket a massive key. There was no sound except the clink, clink, made by the shoes of a slowly approaching horse upon the cobbled street. My companion fumbled a moment with the lock, then turned the key and pushed open the heavy door. The hansom cab slowly rounded the corner, and I got a glimpse of a figure within. As the cab passed the street lamp I noticed its number, 2704—why, I cannot tell, nor why I made a mental note of it.

"Come ahead," said the man's voice from within. "What the devil are you waiting for?"

I stepped inside. I am no coward, but I did not like the look of the building any more than I did that of my companion. It was pitch black within when he closed the heavy door, and I instinctively struck a match when I heard the lock click.

"Here, put that out!" shouted my companion, roughly knocking it

from my hand and putting his foot upon the embers. "Follow me, and don't act like a baby."

"Very well," I said coldly. "Lead the way."

I was in for it now, and I clinched my fist ready for an emergency and followed. In the brief moment my match had burned I had noticed that the great building was filled with huge packing-cases, piled one upon the other and reaching all the way up to the rafters above, and that we must proceed down an aisle between them. My companion went on and on, made turns at three corners, crossed other aisles, and finally came to a stairway. I was about to protest at going any farther when I noticed a distant light between the cracks of the boarding above. We must have gone many hundred feet in all, and I was glad to see light again, however faint. I followed the fellow to the upper landing and through a rough door at the top. There was a space boarded off to form an ante-room, the light appearing to come from the main office within.

Pushing open the inner door, the man led the way into a large, roughly finished office, containing a heterogeneous collection of old-fashioned office furniture, packing cases, samples of merchandise, a great variety of personal effects, a lot of things belonging to a yacht, and innumerable filing-cases, stored on top of shelves and cases and in sundry nooks and corners. There was a spacious desk in one corner, over which hung a single electric lamp, the yellow rays from which shone through the cracks of the rude partitions.

An attractive and distinguished-looking man of about forty-five years of age sat writing at the desk. He laid down his pen and looked up with a frown at my guide and at me.

"Here's the fellow," said my escort carelessly, by way of introduction. "I met him just as he was leaving his hole to go home."

The man behind the desk rose and came towards us.

"You are rather late in coming, Lamar, but since you are here I will take the time to discuss the matter I spoke of at noon. Your name is Harkness?" he added, turning to me.

"Yes, sir; Alfred Harkness."

"You were of service to my cousin yesterday, I am told, and I am glad to have an opportunity to thank you."

"I was glad to be of slight assistance, sir, and trust she has felt no ill effects since yesterday."

Mr. Chalmers looked me over not unkindly for a moment, and then walked over to a far corner of the office, by a massive safe, and stood looking out of one of the dingy windows into the night. Suddenly he turned and asked abruptly: "Will you accept employment under my direction?"

I was so surprised at the unexpected offer that for a moment I

could find no words with which to express myself. I noticed that the man he addressed as Lamar was frowning menacingly and nervously tapping his shoe with his walking stick.

"If there is nothing further I can do, I will leave," said Lamar briskly. "I have an engagement."

Mr. Chalmers nodded his assent, and Lamar took his leave. I could hear his footsteps dying away in the far distance of the quiet building.

Why should Mr. Chalmers thus seek me out and offer me a position when I had done so little?

"I'm already employed," I replied, "but if I can be of service, I shall be glad to consider any proposition that is in my line of work."

"You're a practical electrician and foreman, I am told," continued Mr. Chalmers, "and I'm in need of such a man. I'll allow you twenty dollars a week, and I believe I can promise you permanent employment, with advancement, if you make good."

A grating sound near one of the heavily laden old book-cases attracted my attention.

"Nothing unusual, my dear fellow," said Mr. Chalmers, smiling, when he noticed my look of concern. "Only rats which share the warehouse with us. Come to see me here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, and in the meantime take my offer under consideration. That is all I have to say to you to-night, except to extend my thanks to you for assisting my cousin yesterday."

"Oh, it was nothing," I responded. "As for the other matter, I'll give you my answer to-morrow."

I started toward the door. Mr. Chalmers appeared to be alone in the building, except for myself, and I felt so strangely attracted by his strong and yet courteous personality that I did not like to leave him by himself in the deserted warehouse. I somehow felt fear for his safety. As I was leaving, he offered me a cigar and walked with me to the top of the stairs.

"Turn to your right and go straight ahead till you see light from an electric lamp which I can turn on from here;" and Mr. Chalmers reached for a switch in the partition. "This light is over the street door, which opens easily from the inside."

I thanked him and descended the stairs, turning to the right as directed. I did not have far to walk before I saw the distant light. Quickening my pace, I was soon at the old-fashioned door I had entered with Lamar. It opened readily, and I stood for a while upon the steps outside and wondered—wondered what he wanted with me, what would be my duties, and what such a man as A. L. Chalmers was doing alone at this hour of the night in that great deserted warehouse. Should I accept? The pay was no more than I was already getting, and, besides, acceptance might interfere with my plans for acquiring experience in

my profession. But then I thought of *her*. I might see her occasionally if I accepted, and the thought seemed to lighten the dark and forbidding surroundings as with a great flood of golden sunshine. Yes, I would return to-morrow, accept Mr. Chalmers's offer, and leave the rest to destiny.

I descended the steps and walked rapidly toward the nearest trolley that would take me up-town. Two policemen standing in a doorway appeared to be the only persons in the street as I turned the corner around which the hansom had driven.

As I walked, I pondered over the peculiar tangle of events in which I had become involved. Already I knew that I loved her, unreasoningly, with all my heart, and trusted her, yet through the blindness with which my wild love handicapped me, I had a dim premonition that there was something wrong—something mysterious and wrong, from the finding of the love note to the meeting with the solitary occupant of the great building at Holman Square. But in spite of appearances, nothing could be wrong where such a glorious woman and such a man as Mr. Chalmers were concerned. He had won my confidence as a man as had she as a woman.

When I finally got to bed I did not fall asleep for a long time, and it was broad daylight when my alarm clock aroused me with its noisy clamor.

#### IV.

On my way to the subway I bought a morning paper. Large headlines above the first column riveted my attention, and as I read a chill ran over me.

##### A. L. CHALMERS KILLED.

SHOT IN HIS OFFICE AT HOLMAN SQUARE.  
NIGHT MEETING OF THE FIRM OF CHALMERS, HOWARD & BROWN  
ENDS IN DEATH.

##### TWO BULLET WOUNDS THE CAUSE.

A. L. Chalmers, senior member of the well known firm of Chalmers, Howard & Brown, and Director of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, was found dead in his office late last night. He had received two bullet wounds, either of which would have proven fatal. Mr. Chalmers had remained after his associates had left, and no one besides himself and the watchman, who was below, was supposed to be in the building at the time the shooting occurred. But one shot was heard, which statement is substantiated by two policemen who were near the warehouse at the time. Up to the hour of going to press, no further details could be learned.

I bought the other morning papers, and scanned them excitedly while the subway express was screeching along in the direction of the scene of my labors and last night's tragedy. On reaching the excavations

tion, I gave certain necessary directions, then walked down to the warehouse on Holman Square. No sooner had I turned the corner than I could see great excitement without. A large crowd was moving about in front of the building, and several policemen were standing in the doorway. There were two powerful automobiles and a closed carriage by the curbing, and presently two well dressed men came out of the building and jumped into one of the automobiles, which dashed off at top speed. People came and went, and it was evident that the murder—if murder it was—had caused the greatest possible stir. I was more than sorry for Mr. Chalmers, who without doubt was a man of the highest type. It meant the loss of the new position I had been offered, too, and I sorely regretted this, for it ended, of course, all chances of seeing *her* again. So mournfully enough I went back to the excavation and there busied myself as usual.

It was a little after five when on my way to the restaurant I bought an evening paper. I was not prepared for the shock I received in the startling character of the news.

#### POLICE GET CLUES.

#### IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS IN CHALMERS TRAGEDY. INVESTIGATION AT HOLMAN SQUARE BEGUN. MISS WILMERDING MISSING.

It has developed that Miss Wilmerding, the beautiful cousin of Mr. Chalmers, the victim of last night's murder, is missing. Miss Wilmerding, it is said, left her home late in the afternoon on the day of the shooting and has not been seen or heard from since. Neither her family nor the servants can account for her disappearance. A curious and mystifying phase of the case also lies in the fact that five bullet-holes have been discovered, two in the body of the victim and three in the woodwork, whereas several persons testify to having heard only one shot. Either of the two wounds in the body would have proved fatal. Inspector White's men are on their mettle, and the well known detective firm of Brant & Dale are also at work upon the case.

The article ended by saying that the police believed it to be murder, and that arrests were expected hourly.

I returned to the tool-wagon stunned by this news, and had been but a few minutes at work when I was accosted by an attractive looking fellow about thirty years of age, who told me I was wanted at the office. We walked over and took the surface car to the headquarters of the Consolidated Electric Light and Power Company. The young man chatted pleasantly with me, and I wondered what his connection with our company might be. When I entered the office, the pay clerk brought out a pile of receipt cards. There were about fifty there with my signature on them, which the young man who had escorted me

looked at casually. Presently he handed me a blank card, asking me at the same time to write my name, age, profession, and the names of the institutions where I was graduated. Without hesitation I wrote:

Alfred Harkness. 29 years of age. Electrical Engineer. Columbian University '01, George Washington University '05.

He took the card and scanned it, then drew from his pocket a stamped and addressed envelope on which I recognized my own handwriting, and compared the two carefully.

"May I ask what you are trying to establish?" I inquired.

The young man looked at me a moment before speaking.

"There's no reason to be alarmed," he said. "To be quite frank, you are known to have been in Holman Square last night, and of course we leave no stone unturned in our investigations. I would recommend your coming quietly with me for a little talk with Mr. Brant. If you are in no way implicated, you had better follow this advice before the city men get you."

I was at first angry, but upon reflection realized that there were grounds for possible suspicion.

Mason Brant was by now undoubtedly deep in the case, and I did not fear from him the possible injustice or stubborn detention I was likely to experience from the city police if suspected and apprehended by them.

"I shall be glad to see Mr. Brant, and the sooner the better," I replied. A few minutes later we were driving rapidly in Mr. Dale's cab—for it developed that it was Robert Dale, of the celebrated detective firm of Brant & Dale—to their office, 12 East Twenty-fifth Street. We had some little time to wait, as Mason Brant was not there, being probably detained with some developments at Holman Square. I eagerly awaited the arrival of this man whose remarkable talents were so well known to me. He lived fully up to my estimate of him when he entered, with his broad shoulders and handsome, clear-cut features. Taking in at a glance my clay-stained boots, he exclaimed:

"Ah, I see you've brought Harkness, Bob—and that you have been waiting some time," he added, sniffing the smoke-filled room.

"Now come, old chap, tell me your story," he said to me, and as he spoke he drew up a chair close to my side, grasped my wrist, and took out his watch. I was too surprised to speak until, smiling, he let go of my wrist, with the remark that it was far from a criminal pulse. It was true that I was not the least excited. I had heard of the detective's great work in solving the Moyett mystery and other cases, and I felt that he would soon get to the bottom of things. I told him the entire story in detail, from the finding of the love letter to the moment

when I left Mr. Chalmers. I even gave him the number of the hansom cab.

He made many notes in his book and then closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair for several moments.

"You have failed to tell me several important things," he said suddenly. "In the first place, why did you go so far out of your way to insert the advertisement in the *Herald*? Secondly, why did you favorably consider a position with Mr. Chalmers at the same pay you were already receiving, without even knowing the character of his requirements, and, again, why did you accept the money tendered you by his cousin when she revived from her faint?"

I colored violently, for I knew that my secret was discovered.

"It is now unnecessary for you to answer those questions," he quickly said, noticing my embarrassment, "but tell me this, had you ever seen the young woman before?"

I was if possible even more embarrassed at this question, but told him frankly that I had been prompted to advertise the love letter simply because its beautiful execution reminded me of a girl I had seen a year before.

Brant smiled and his eyes twinkled as he took from his pocket the love letter which had caused me so much concern. The sight of the handwriting made me both happy and miserable. He certainly could have lost no time in searching Miss Wildmerding's effects since her disappearance. I was surprised to hear him presently say, "O. K., Harkness. If you'll agree to come here to-morrow morning at 8.30, to be on deck at the coroner's inquest, I shall not detain you further."

I gladly gave my promise, never suspecting it would not be kept.

## V.

A LOUD rapping on my door woke me a little after five the next morning, and I opened it clad in my pajamas to confront two detectives from police headquarters, one of them a short, thick-set man with a black mustache.

"Get into your duds," the latter snapped. "The inspector is anxious to make your acquaintance."

"All right," I said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

This summons by the police was not altogether unexpected, but my heart sank, and for the first time I felt nervous. Things were looking more serious for me than I relished.

I was detained for two hours before the inspector arrived. When I was taken before him, he was occupied with the telephone on his desk, and my thick-set escort waited until the inspector got through talking before he said dryly, "Harkness, Inspector."

"Take him to number 12," said the police official sharply, "and hold him for the coroner's jury."

"But one moment, Inspector. I have an appointment with Mason Brant at his office at 8.30."

"Guess your appointment is right here," he said sharply, and he took up his telephone again.

"This way," snapped my escort, and he led me to a small, badly lighted room with barred windows. I was in for notoriety now and was badly shaken. Evidently a race was on between the municipal detective force and the firm of Brant & Dale to run down the guilty party, and I was caught between the cross fires. The city men undoubtedly got wind of me through the fellow Lamar, to whom I had mentioned my address when he took me to the warehouse at Holman Square the night of the tragedy. How Brant traced me was as yet a puzzle.

I was more than relieved when my guardian appeared and notified me that it was time to start for the coroner's inquest. I had already planned to notify my friends and secure counsel in the event of my being detained after the inquest was over. But I worried not a little over my failure to keep my appointment with Brant, for I was strongly attracted by the fellow, and valued his good opinion. Still, I hoped I would soon have a chance to explain.

"Just think of it, Alfred," I said to myself; "yesterday you thought you knew what trouble was, but to-day you are under detention by the police, and all because of that miserable stray love letter." I consoled myself by saying that it was all in a lifetime, and I was comparing the huge, clipped mustache of the gaunt policeman at my side with the spray from an old-fashioned watering-cart when we turned into Houston Street.

A few moments later we drove up to the door of the now famous warehouse. I was hurried up the steps, through a great crowd of idlers, into the building where the brutal crime had been perpetrated. We passed down the long, narrow aisle between the packing-cases, turned the various corners, and mounted the steps to the office of the firm. The inner office, I noticed, connected with a large loft which I had not observed on my previous visit, and which was being used for the coroner's inquest. There were many persons awaiting the examination, and I was given a seat near the table arranged for the coroner, his physician and jury, the inspector and his assistants. I looked around for Brant, and was relieved when I saw him talking with several men in a far corner of the room. It was not long before the coroner arrived, the jury assembled, and the inquest was begun. From stray bits of conversation I overheard, I learned to my distress that Miss Wilmerding was still missing. Just before proceedings began, Brant came over in my direction, and I was relieved to catch his eye. He nodded to

me, and I saw that he understood. The coroner rapped loudly upon the table with a paper weight, and everything quieted down. I found myself studying the different jurymen with a great deal of interest as they seated themselves and waited the opening of the inquest. I wondered, too, how they had succeeded in getting twelve such men together at such short notice and how they induced or compelled them to serve. Two or three of them appeared to be men of a most intelligent class. I was observing with secret amusement how completely one enormously fat member of the odd assembly grotesquely overhung, as it were, the chair he was sitting upon, completely hiding it from view, when the inquiry opened.

The first witness called was the watchman. The coroner was direct and business-like.

"Your name?" he inquired. At once a couple of stenographers made ready to inscribe the proceedings.

"Hal Collins."

"Where were you when the shots were fired?"

"In the doorway of the building opening out on Simms Alley—but let me say, sir, that there was but one shot, which was followed by a heavy thud."

"Did you hear any other sound?"

"Yes, sir; I heard Mr. Chalmers's telephone ring."

"Was this before or after the report?"

"Just before the shot."

"What do you mean by 'just before the shot'?"

"Well, about a minute, I should say. The telephone seldom rang at such a late hour, and I noticed it."

"Could you hear Mr. Chalmers talking?"

"No, sir, I could not."

"How soon after the shot did you hear the thud?"

"Within three or four seconds, sir."

"Do we understand you correctly," broke in a tall, gaunt member of the jury, "that your attention was first attracted by the ringing of Mr. Chalmers's telephone bell, and that the shot occurred about one minute later, followed almost immediately by the heavy thud?"

"That's the way it was, sir."

"What did the thud sound like?" asked the coroner.

"Like a heavy man jumping or falling to the floor from a high position—the window-sill, for instance."

"What time was it, to the best of your recollection, when you heard this report?"

"About 11.45, sir."

"Were you alone at the time?"

"No, sir; Elias Traynor, the proprietor of Traynor's pawn-shop, had stopped at the door, and I was talkin' with him."

"What did you do after you heard the report and the thud?"

"I must have waited a few seconds before I moved, for I was startled to hear such a report come from within my building. Then, fearing for Mr. Chalmers, whom I knew to be upstairs, I started to investigate."

"You say the report was a heavy one?"

"Yes, sir; it sounded like a shot from a big pistol."

"What did you notice on going upstairs?"

"Nothing until I entered the office; then I saw smoke under the electric lamp, which was still burning, and the body of Mr. Chalmers leaning back in his chair."

"Did you hear any sounds, as of a person or persons leaving the building?"

"No, sir, not a sound of any kind. The floors are all bare, and I thought it very strange all was so quiet. I sprang to Mr. Chalmers's side and saw that he had received two wounds. Then I ran to a rear window, threw up the sash, and blew my police whistle, after which I telephoned a doctor and police headquarters."

"Did you say that Mr. Chalmers was seated at his desk when you found him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could he have produced the thud you heard by falling back into his chair?"

"Not possible, sir; the thud was much too solid and heavy a sound for that. It shook the heavy rafters over my head."

"Did you search for the murderer at once?"

"I did, sir, and was soon joined in the search by the two policemen who responded to my call, and by my friend Traynor."

"You say you saw no one leave the building?"

"Only Mr. Lamar, but that was some time before I heard the shot."

"How long before the shot?"

"About half an hour—when I was passing in front of the building. Mr. Lamar got into a hansom and drove away."

"You say Mr. Chalmers was alone when you found him. Do you know of any one else having been in the building when he was shot?"

"I don't know, sir—I'm not sure. I saw Mr. Lamar and a man enter the building together about three-quarters of an hour before the shooting, and I saw Mr. Lamar leave a few minutes afterwards."

"You do not know, then, when the other man left?"

"I do not, sir."

"Would you recognize him again if you saw him?"

"No, sir; I did n't see his face."

My heart was beating violently here, for circumstances certainly put me in a bad light.

"Are you sure there was no one else?"

Collins thought for a moment. "There was no one else as late as this, but, now that I come to think of it, there had been a lady there, but she left before Mr. Lamar and the other man came."

"Do you know Miss Wilmerding?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Was it she?"

"No, sir; it was not."

"Did you know who the lady was?"

"I do not know her name, but she came quite often in the evening when Mr. Chalmers stayed late."

"Was the lady a stenographer or secretary?"

"Oh, no, sir. She was not that kind."

"How do you know?"

"Well, sir, I know she was only a friend. Mr. Chalmers had two secretaries."

"Was the lady young?"

"Yes, sir; like Miss Wilmerding—her style."

"When did the secretaries leave last evening?"

"One of them, Mr. Phelps, about half past four. The other, Mr. Roades, is away on his vacation."

"Would it have been possible for this Mr. Phelps or the young woman to remain in the building without your knowing it?"

"Yes, sir. The building is a big one, and rambling, as you can see."

"That will do for the present," said the coroner. "I wish to question Elias Traynor."

Mr. Traynor stepped forward.

"Your name is Elias Traynor?"

"It is, sir."

"Did you hear any shooting last night in this building?"

"I did."

"How many shots were fired?"

"Only one."

"Can you swear to this?"

"I can."

"What was the time?"

"It was just eleven forty-four."

"How do you know?"

"When Collins went into the building to investigate I looked at my watch."

"Did you also hear a heavy thud?"

"I did, sir. It was very pronounced."

"That will answer."

A policeman was the next witness.

"What is your name?" asked the coroner.

"Patrick O'Brien, sir."

"Tell me in your own language what you heard and saw last night."

"Well, sir, I was standing in a doorway with a fellow officer when I heard a noise like the report of a revolver from the warehouse. We were going down to the building when we heard the watchman's police whistle from one of the upper rear windows. We at once ran around back of the building and entered the alley door and climbed the stairs. Inside we met the watchman, who was using the telephone. We then searched the building from cellar to roof, but no one could be found."

The second policeman was then put upon the stand and testified substantially to the same facts.

"Did you see or pass any one coming from the building?"

"About ten minutes before the shooting a young man passed, but no one afterwards."

"Would you recognize this man if you saw him again?"

"No, sir. No particular attention was paid to him."

Here my heart sank, for I had been in hopes these policemen might have remembered something definite to assist me in case of need. The next witness was Dr. Green.

"Your name?" asked the coroner.

"J. P. Green, sir."

"Your profession?"

"Doctor of medicine."

"Tell us of your visit here last night."

"I was called up by telephone about midnight by the night watchman for Chalmers, Howard & Brown, and was told Mr. Chalmers had been shot. I hurried to the warehouse and found him dead. There were two bullet wounds, one having entered the brain through the eye-socket, and the other penetrating his body just over the heart. Either wound alone would have proved fatal."

"What did you do then?"

"I suggested to the watchman that Mr. Chalmers's partners be summoned, for I learned that the two policemen were notifying police headquarters."

Inspector Williams next took the stand. According to his testimony, he had arrived, with three of his men, about twelve forty-five, and had made a careful examination of the body and of the room.

"Did you discover anything of importance in your examination?" inquired the coroner.

"Yes, sir," replied Inspector Williams with pride; "I discovered the weapon with which Mr. Chalmers was murdered;" and he held up a heavy Colt's revolver, with an extra long barrel. "I discovered this about two o'clock in the morning, pushed 'way back behind a lot of rubbish in the crevice of the stone wall siding the alley, and not over twenty feet from where Mr. Chalmers's body was found."

The weapon proved to be a six-shooter, of forty-five calibre, with one loaded and five empty chambers.

"We also found three bullets sunk into the wooden partition just behind Mr. Chalmers's chair," continued Inspector Williams. "This morning Inspector White removed them himself, and they proved, on examination, to be of forty-five calibre and to fit this gun," and with his pencil he tapped the heavy revolver he was holding. "I have also to add," continued Inspector Williams, "that Doctors Osgood and Lane extracted two bullets identical with these from the body of the deceased a few hours later. All five are here for your inspection;" and he handed the coroner a pill-box containing the exhibits. "The revolver plainly shows powder marks, as would be expected from its recent use," he added, and it also was handed over for a more careful examination.

"You are excused for the present, Inspector," broke in his examiner.

The next witness was a gunsmith, who testified that the bullets were of forty-five calibre, and that they had been fired by the weapon found, but he was unable to account for the single report. He was inclined to doubt the accuracy of the statement made by the witnesses that only a single report rang out.

Mr. Howard, of Mr. Chalmers's firm, was then called and in a very excitable and nervous manner replied to the coroner's questions.

"State your name."

"Edward Lloyd Howard."

"You are a member of the firm?"

"I am."

"Were you at Holman Square last night?"

"I was here up to eleven o'clock."

"Were you and Mr. Chalmers alone then?"

"Yes, for about fifteen minutes after Mr. Brown left."

"What was the occasion of the night conference?"

"That is entirely the business of the firm, sir."

"Did the firm frequently have these night meetings?"

"The firm met at such times as it saw fit."

"When did you first hear of the murder?"

"When the watchman called me up on the telephone."

"Did you ever have reason to believe Mr. Chalmers had an enemy?"

Mr. Howard hesitated. "Yes, I have thought that Mr. Chalmers

had several enemies, but none who would take such a course as last night's."

"Would you mind giving us the names of the persons whom you believe to have been unfriendly toward Mr. Chalmers?"

Mr. Howard hesitated again and appeared even more nervous.

"We are waiting, Mr. Howard. This is no time to withhold information that might possibly have a bearing on the case."

Mr. Howard nervously fumbled with his watch-chain. "This may have no bearing whatsoever, but—" Here he hesitated again. "I would suggest that you find Miss Wilmerding and ask her just where she was at the time of the murder."

I could have knocked the man down for his brutal insinuation.

"I asked for the names of persons whom you believed to be unfriendly to Mr. Chalmers. Am I to infer that Miss Wilmerding was unfriendly?—I need not use a stronger term, Mr. Howard."

"Not exactly unfriendly, Mr. Coroner, but"—here Howard looked nervously around before he spoke—"I believe the young lady felt more than platonic affection for Mr. Chalmers, that her visits to the warehouse were not purely in the relationship of cousins, and that Mr. Chalmers had recently found other interests. Do I make myself clear?"

"Quite clear, Mr. Howard."

I could have killed the cad, I was so angry by this time, and I even felt that the coroner, as common a man as he was, felt contempt for the manner in which Mr. Howard referred to Miss Wilmerding.

"I can only repeat, Mr. Coroner," continued Mr. Howard, "find the girl, learn her whereabouts last night, and I will wager you will learn something about the death of her cousin."

"Do you know any other persons whom you regard as having been unfriendly toward Mr. Chalmers?"

"George W. Dent, of Dent & Company, and Mr. Chalmers were not on good terms, but I cannot connect this man with such a crime. They were constantly conflicting in business interests. Mr. Dent has not only a sharp reputation in business matters, but also an ungovernable temper."

Suddenly I found myself wondering if Mr. Howard himself had been a friend or a secret enemy of Mr. Chalmers. Things seemed hopeless to me in view of the many possible relations and complications between the very members of this firm. While Mr. Howard was not at Holman Square at the time of the murder, could he have been instrumental? I only knew that I did not like the man.

"Who is Mr. George Dent?" continued the coroner.

"He is a well-known clubman and a business man of means."

"Was there ever an open quarrel between him and Mr. Chalmers to your knowledge?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, on several occasions."

"When did the last disagreement take place?"

"About a month ago. I came into the office and heard high words between Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Dent. Mr. Lamar was present, and I believe he struck Mr. Dent."

"Do you know what the quarrel was about?"

"I do not."

I felt instinctively that Mr. Howard lied.

"I should now like to question Mr. William Lamar."

Lamar took the stand, looking rather white.

"Is it true that Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Dent quarrelled and that you were a party to the unpleasantness?"

"It is. Mr. Dent and I have long been enemies—that is well known in New York—and when Dent made insinuations about Mr. Chalmers and a certain lady whose name I shall not mention, I slapped his face."

"What was the quarrel about?"

"It was a personal matter and involved a lady's name."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Lamar."

The coroner continued to question Mr. Howard.

"Your safe was found open. Is anything missing from it?"

"No. Mr. Brown and I found everything intact."

"Can you offer any explanation for Miss Wilmerding's disappearance?"

"I cannot."

"Did Mr. Lamar and a Mr. Harkness call to see Mr. Chalmers while you were there?"

"No."

The next witness called was Mr. Brown. He impressed me as a man of great force and power, and showed a serious determination in his face. He was quiet in his manner and spoke directly to the point.

"What is your full name, Mr. Brown?"

"Harold Harwood Brown."

"You are a member of the firm of Chalmers, Howard & Brown?"

"I am."

"What time was it when you left Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Howard together last evening?"

"About ten-thirty, I should judge."

"Can you not state definitely the time?"

"No."

"Do you suspect any one of being an enemy of Mr. Chalmers?"

"Yes. There was trouble between Mr. Chalmers and a laborer. The man proved to a thief, and was arrested and sent to jail. This was a little over a year ago. The man's name was Garland—Joseph Garland—and at the time he swore he would kill Mr. Chalmers when he regained his liberty. I have already communicated with the penitentiary and have received word"—here Mr. Brown produced a telegram—"that Garland was released a month ago."

"Do you know of any other person or persons who were unfriendly to Mr. Chalmers, or who had reason to desire his death?"

"No; I can think of no other person who would be likely to injure him. There are a number who might be said to have strong motives, but I suppose this might be said of almost any prominent man."

"What did you do when you came here last night?"

"I sent at once for his family physician, Dr. Osgood; then I conferred with my partner, Mr. Howard, as to putting the best possible detective talent upon the case. We telephoned the police again, and also the detective firm of Brant & Dale."

"Can you offer any explanation of the disappearance of Miss Wilmerding?"

Mr. Brown did not reply at once, but finally said: "No, I can offer no explanation for her absence at this time."

"Were they on good terms?—I mean Mr. Chalmers and his cousin."

"The very best of terms."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Brown."

The next person called was Mr. Chalmers, Senior. He was a handsome and aristocratic-looking old gentleman, and spoke with the force of a young and vigorous man, although he appeared to be greatly shaken by his son's sudden death and by Miss Wilmerding's disappearance.

"Your name, sir?"

"Herbert Chalmers."

"I presume you can offer no explanation of Miss Wilmerding's disappearance."

"Would to God I could, sir!"

"Was the young lady in the habit of leaving her home without telling the members of the household?"

"She was never known to do such a thing."

"Did she live with you?"

"Yes."

"Who else reside or resided with you?"

"My wife, Mrs. Chalmers, and"—here the old gentleman wavered in his voice—"the fine fellow some one brutally shot here last night."

"And he was—"

"My son."

"Did the young lady often come here to see Mr. Chalmers?"

"She came quite often, for she was interested in settlement life, and has been doing a noble work among the poorer classes."

"Was she on good terms with her cousin?"

"They were the most affectionate chums. She was writing a book, and my son was her critic."

"When was Miss Wilmerding last seen?"

"She was last seen leaving the house for a little shopping about four o'clock."

"Was she alone?"

"No, she was with an old friend of the family's, Mr. William Lamar."

I felt an angry and jealous passion sweep over me.

"Did Mr. Lamar give you any explanation?"

"No, but I believe he can tell you something."

Lamar then came forward, and the coroner asked:

"Mr. Lamar, can you tell us something of Miss Wilmerding's whereabouts yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes."

Mr. Lamar appeared nervous as he took the stand again, and my instinctive dislike of him was deepened without my being able to explain it.

"I will excuse you, sir," said the coroner courteously, turning to Mr. Chalmers, Senior, and he then continued to question Lamar.

"You left the Chalmers residence yesterday afternoon with Miss Wilmerding?"

"Yes."

"When and where did you leave her?"

"I left her about a quarter of an hour later at the Twenty-third Street entrance to the subway, as she informed me that she had some shopping to do."

"Did you see her again?"

"No; that is the last any of her family or friends have seen of her."

"When did you last see Mr. Chalmers?"

"Last night."

"What time last night?"

"About twenty minutes past eleven."

"Would you mind stating the nature of the business which required such a late call?"

"No. It was in connection with a workman named Harkness that Mr. Chalmers wanted to see."

"Did you bring this man here?"

"I did."

"Did you and he leave together?"

"No; I left them alone in conference."

"Do you know the nature of the conference?"

"Yes. This fellow Harkness had looked after Miss Wilmerding when she fainted in the street the day before yesterday, and although the lady paid him for his trouble, Mr. Chalmers, for some unknown reason, insisted that I find him and bring him here."

"So far as you know, then, Mr. Harkness is the last person to see Mr. Chalmers alive?"

"He is the last person to see Mr. Chalmers alive—or else in his death struggle."

I was boiling with rage at this fellow's brutal insinuation, and realized that I had just cause for the nervous excitement that I felt was taking hold of me.

"Have you any reason to believe that Mr. Harkness committed the crime?"

Mr. Lamar did not answer for several moments, and the coroner repeated his question.

"He was undoubtedly the last man to see Mr. Chalmers alive, or else, as I have already stated, in his death struggles, if he struggled at all. Men do not struggle much when shot in the head with a forty-five calibre Colt."

"When you left Mr. Harkness and Mr. Chalmers together, where did you go?"

"I went to my rooms."

"Did you drive in a hansom cab?"

"I did."

"Were you alone in the cab?"

"I was."

I felt that the man lied, but could not swear to the person I had seen in the cab having remained.

"Do you know what plans Mr. Chalmers had in mind in connection with Mr. Harkness?"

"I believe he intended offering him a position."

"Had the arrangements been completed when you left them?"

"They had not."

"So it is possible, in your mind, for a quarrel to have started after you left?"

"It is undoubtedly possible."

"Have you ever seen Mr. Harkness before?"

"Yes, the day before yesterday;" and he described his coming upon Miss Wilmerding and me after she had recovered from her fainting spell.

"Was this the only time?"

"Yes."

"That's all, Mr. Lamar;" and the coroner leaned over to speak with an associate who held a list of names. Mr. Lamar wrote hurriedly upon a sheet of paper and handed it to the coroner. I felt certain I would be called next, and keyed myself up for any possible ordeal. I was not mistaken; a moment later the coroner called my name. I rose and took the stand.

"Your name?"

"Alfred Harkness."

"You are connected with the electric company making the street repairs at the corner of Houston Street and Avenue A?"

"I am."

"Were you present when Miss Wilmerding fainted near your excavation the day before yesterday?"

"I was not present when the young lady fainted and fell, but I was with her a few moments later."

"Did you accept a fee or reward for what you did for her?"

I felt my blood boil within me again, and I could not speak at once. The coroner noticed my hesitation.

"Well?"

"Before I realized what had happened, I was holding a coin in my hand, and the young lady had driven off with this Mr. Lamar."

"What was the coin she gave you?"

"This information can have no bearing in the case, sir."

"I repeat the question," said the coroner sharply.

"I must decline to answer, then."

"You decline to state how much she gave you, do you?" The coroner's voice rang out sharply.

"Yes, sir; I decline to state."

There was a decided murmur throughout the room. I knew this last question was Lamar's work, and that he was forcing me to make a bad beginning. As I half expected, the coroner changed his question, and asked in a tone equally sharp:

"Did the young lady not give you a twenty-dollar gold piece?"

It was evident that Lamar had forced Miss Wilmerding, perhaps through a jealous passion, to tell him what she had given me, and I was gratified to see Mason Brant entering notes in his leather-covered note-book. Without him to rely on, I should have been desperate.

"I have already declined to answer this question."

"It would be to your benefit to reply to my questions," said the official dryly.

"I shall endeavor to reply to any others you may see fit to ask, sir."

"Was Mr. Lamar correct in stating that he left you alone with Mr. Chalmers some time between eleven and twelve?"

"He was."

"What was the nature of your conference with Mr. Chalmers?"

"He wished to thank me for the assistance I had given to his cousin the day before. He also appeared to be in need of a man with a knowledge of electrical engineering, and offered me a position."

"Did you accept the position?"

"No, sir; I told him I'd consider it and let him know at eleven o'clock to-day."

"What time did you leave Mr. Chalmers?"

"I should judge it was about half past eleven."

"Did you leave him alone?"

"Yes."

"Did you see or pass any person or persons in the building when you left?"

"I did not."

"Did you hear any shot either while you were still in the building or after you had reached the street?"

"I heard no shot."

"Did you see any one after you had reached the street?"

"I passed two policemen who were standing near a doorway when I turned the first corner on my way home."

"Did you go straight to your room?"

"No, I went into a cigar store and bought some cigarettes; then I went right to my room."

"You may take your seat, Mr. Harkness."

The next person called was Mason Brant. For the second time a distinct murmur ran through the room, and we all looked expectantly for the appearance on the stand of the famous detective.

"Your name, please?"

"Mason Brant."

"You are a detective?"

"Yes."

"Who employs you, Mr. Brant, and when were you retained?"

"I had a telephone call from Mr. Herbert Chalmers at midnight relative to Miss Wilmerding's disappearance, and about an hour later a second message was received at my office from Mr. Brown, retaining me in connection with Mr. Chalmers's murder."

"Have you made an examination of the body of the murdered man and of the room in which he was killed?"

"I have."

"Did you find anything of importance?"

"Yes, I have learned certain facts which I believe to be of direct bearing on the case, but I prefer not to divulge them at this time."

"What are your reasons for withholding your information?"

"It is contrary to my practice."

"Do I understand you to say that you have important information and that you decline to reveal it?"

"It would be my preference not too."

"Would your revealing it lessen the chances of apprehending the murderer?"

There was a noticeable pause following this question, when the coroner, leaning forward with increased interest, inquired:

"Did you not fully grasp my meaning, Mr. Brant?"

"Yes, I fully understood you, Mr. Coroner, but must inform you that some of my information, if made public, might prevent the apprehension of the guilty party."

There was a decided stir throughout the room at this reply, and I could plainly see that Brant's attitude was rather objectionable to the police officials present.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Howard immediately entered into an earnest conversation, and they were presently joined by Mr. Herbert Chalmers. In a moment Mr. Howard interrupted the coroner, who was about to put another question to Brant, and they talked together in low tones for several minutes. When the coroner spoke again I was not surprised to hear him say:

"You have been employed by Mr. Brown and Mr. Chalmers to solve this murder mystery, and to find Miss Wilmerding. Am I not correct?"

"You are correct, Mr. Coroner."

"I have to inform you that you are now directed to furnish any information you may have which, in your opinion, will not lessen the chances of your success."

"Since you and my employers take this position, I will state certain facts, withholding only such information as would in my judgment defeat our purpose."

"Proceed on that basis."

"Well, gentlemen," Brant began, turning to address his employers, "for one thing, the Colt's revolver which my official contemporary has shown you had nothing whatever to do with Mr. Chalmers's death; for another, one of the witnesses examined told a deliberate lie."

A wave of excited comment swept through the room.

"I believe I can prove both of these assertions to your entire satisfaction. A number of years ago," Brant continued in an even, well modulated tone, "I made a series of practical experiments on the penetration of bullets through the human body. This work covered a period of several weeks, and was in connection with the Courtney case, with which you are all doubtless familiar. Ample opportunity was afforded me in the dissecting-rooms of several medical colleges, and the weapons employed ranged from revolvers with short barrels and of

small calibre to arms of the size and class exemplified by the one Inspector Williams now has in his hands. One of the puzzling features of the case has been the fact that though five bullets were fired, but one report was heard, as testified to by several witnesses. As for the two bullets found in the body, the single report could have been produced by two pistols being fired at the same instant by either one or two separate assailants; but this could hardly account for five."

I had not thought of the possibility of two bullets being fired at Mr. Chalmers at the same instant, from two separate revolvers, and I found myself picturing the absurdly remote possibility of an attack upon him by five men with five separate pistols all fired at the same instant, when Brant continued:

"I have in my hand eight cartridges of forty-five calibre, three made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, five by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company. They were found by my partner, Mr. Robert Dale, in the crevice where the inspector found the revolver, only farther back. The empty shells in the chambers of this revolver bear the stamp of these two well known manufacturers, and I am going to ask the permission of the coroner presently to conduct a little experiment with one of them here. Had the murder been committed with the Colt's revolver which has been found, the bullets would have passed completely through the body. I do not contemplate firing at the body of the victim, gentlemen, but I will produce evidence even more conclusive that this revolver was not used. Now, a clear examination of the partition shows," Brant continued, "that the three bullets which struck there and which have been removed by Inspector White were never fired by a modern rifled arm, for they all turned over in their flight and struck the partition on their sides, which is unmistakably shown in the wood. Had these bullets been fired by the Colt's revolver, Inspector White would never have dug them out of the partition, for from any distance within this building in line with Mr. Chalmers's chair, they would have passed clear through the partition and in addition through the planks of several of the packing-boxes which stand on the other side. I will now ask the coroner, his jury, and the police officials to examine this partition."

The examination was quickly made, only to verify Brant's statement. The three bullets had "tumbled," to use a term familiar to ordnance experts, and had struck broadside, as revealed by the oblong indentations in the wood of the partition, and had only entered to a distance of about three-quarters of an inch. A measurement of the thickness of the partition showed it to consist of planks one and one-quarter inches thick. Upon the return of the officials and jurymen, Brant requested permission to fire one or more shots at the partition from the Colt's revolver. It being readily granted, he loaded the arm,

and, backing off from the partition as far as the size of the larger office would permit, took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger.

A loud report rang out, and a wreath of smoke went curling ceilingward.

"Now, gentlemen, I am sure you will find that this bullet struck truly end-on, and passed through at least three and one-half inches of wood."

A second examination was quickly made, and, instead of finding the wood mashed away as before, a clean, true, round hole had been made, through which one could look and see a second clean, round hole in the planking of a packing box on the other side. Upon further examination, it was revealed that the bullet had issued from the other side of the box and lodged in the plank of another case just beyond. The total penetration measured three and one-eighth inches. Two more shots were fired with the same result, one of the bullets penetrating exactly three and one-half inches of wood!

"If it were not disrespectful," Brant said, "I could pass a bullet clear through the body of the victim, striking it at any point that you might designate."

"There is no need for further proof, Mr. Brant," said the coroner. "I think we are all quite ready to discard the idea that the weapon used was that found by Inspector Williams."

"Since you've completely upset the only possible clue we had," said the fat member of the jury, who had made two unsuccessful attempts to rise out of the hidden chair before he stood upon his feet, "perhaps you will be able to throw some light upon the nature of the weapon which did kill Mr. Chalmers."

"I will do so, since I am directed to give up certain information at this time," Brant replied, "and I believe I can prove my statements. Mr. Chalmers was shot to death by a brass yacht cannon about two feet long, with a one and a half-inch bore, weighing in the neighborhood, with its mount, of two hundred and fifty pounds, and," continued Brant in a powerful voice that reverberated and penetrated every nook and corner of that great building, "I am going to ask Mr. William Lamar if the young man, Mr. Alfred Harkness, carried such a cannon with him when he was taken to see Mr. Chalmers last night!"

The statement that a cannon had shot Mr. Chalmers brought forth a score of incredible exclamations, followed by a burst of nervous laughter at his question to Mr. Lamar.

Mr. Brown, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Herbert Chalmers immediately sought one another and engaged in an earnest debate. They, of course, must have known of the cannon's existence, but had forgotten it and overlooked the possibility of its being a factor in the case.

"If he did not carry such a cannon," Brant continued after order had been restored, "and Inspector White's detectives did not find anything suspicious when they searched his room on West Sixty-fifth Street this morning, I am going to ask you, Mr. Coroner and gentlemen of the jury, to direct that Mr. Harkness be at once released from suspicion."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed one of the jurymen. "Show us the cannon and convince us it was the weapon used, and I am sure the jury will order Mr. Harkness's release."

"Come with me, then, gentlemen."

Brant led the way into the office and pointed to the massive book-case standing across the corner of the room.

"Pull that case out and look behind it and you will see the cannon."

The case was a big one, and piled up with articles of every description, so it was difficult to move. On top were numerous things belonging to a yacht. A handsome pair of port and starboard lights, a ship's compass, navigator's sextant and chronometers, a telescope, some brass blocks, and, leaning back from the case to the wall, chart cases, ship's clock, a set of signal flags, and some life buoys, all evidently the property of some yacht out of commission. They all had to be moved, as well as books, samples, and odds and ends of various kinds upon the shelves.

The jurymen put their shoulders to the heavy case and pulled one end out into the room. There, lying upon its back and pointing to the wall, was a good-sized yacht cannon in a heavy canvas cover. The four mahogany wheels were uppermost, and it took the united effort of the coroner and Inspector White to drag it out into the room and to turn it over upon its wheels.

I felt afraid Brant had made a blunder when I saw the straps and the canvas cover, but when they turned it over I was thrilled to see that part of the cover just over the muzzle was blown away, and that the canvas was blackened with powder-marks for some distance around the jagged hole.

"It is as plain as day," said Brant, "that this cannon was on top of the book-case with the other yacht properties, and that its recoil sent it backward on its wheels, when it turned a half somersault and fell upon its back behind the case, producing the heavy thud heard by the watchman and his visitor."

From the top of the case it certainly had deadly command of Mr. Chalmers's desk and chair.

"I guess you are about right again, Mr. Brant," said the coroner, "for there are two streaks the width of the cannon's wheels in the layer of dust on top of the case."

A close examination of the canvas cover revealed a piece of fishing

line of red and yellow silk and about four feet long running out between the meshes of the canvas, just over the breach. The cover was then removed, to find the regulation type of pull firing primer. It was evident that the cannon had been fired by pulling this line, but from where?

A close search for more line was made, but without success, and it was evident that the cannon had been fired by some one hiding behind the book-case, or else by some one on the other side of the partition, as the line was just long enough to pass through the cracks in the boards.

Who loaded the deadly cannon with the five forty-five calibre bullets as slugs, hid the Colt revolver as a blind, and pulled the cord?

Further search of the top of the book-case brought to light a box of giant blank cartridges, such as were commonly used in such a cannon, and a score or more of firing primers. The cannon loaded easily at the breech, and was so simple in its mechanism that a child could have operated it. It was quite evident that the line could have been pulled by some one hiding behind a heavy book-case, but far more likely that the perpetrator of the outrage was on the other side of the partition and that he pulled the line through a crack in the boards. Had the murderer been behind the book-case, he or she—I paled at the thought—would have met with great difficulty in getting out. Had the line been pulled from the other side of the partition, however, the person committing the crime would have found it less troublesome to escape. Even though he could not have descended the stairs without encountering the watchman, he could have hidden successfully among the packing-cases on the same floor until the search was over, or else have made his escape through the roof. Yes, the murderer must have pulled the cord from the other side of the partition. There were more packing-cases piled up there, and a man could have lain in wait unseen for days had he wished to do so.

It was some time before the excitement incident to the discovery of the cannon quieted down and we returned once more to the inquest room.

"You made a statement, Mr. Brant," began the coroner when order had been restored, "that one of the witnesses told an untruth in connection with this inquiry. Are you prepared to state the person's name?"

"Yes, it was Mr. William Lamar. When he left Holman Square last night in that hansom cab he did not leave alone!"

Again intense excitement reigned.

Mr. Lamar sprang to his feet with, "Unless you prove that statement I 'll——"

"Mr. Brant is under examination," cried the coroner, "and I will ask you to take your seat."

The clock struck twelve.

"The inquest will adjourn until two," said the chief examiner firmly, and further proceedings were arrested. Things had reached this exciting stage when I was courteously notified by the coroner that I was released and that with the others I was free to go out to get luncheon.

#### VI.

It was indeed a relief to be freed from suspicion and to get into the street again, for my nerves had been sorely tried. I felt that I could now throw myself entirely into the mysteries of the case, and that if I could get a short leave of absence from the Electric Company I might perhaps assist in finding Miss Wilmerding. It would be impossible to go back to my work for the company as things stood and with my mind so preoccupied, and I resolved to go over to the office, get a week's leave, and then offer my services, in any capacity, to the firm of Brant & Dale. Even if I could take a very small part in their work, I should be happy. I walked rapidly over to the company's offices, secured the leave of absence—but not without some little difficulty—and then set out to get my luncheon before returning to the place of the inquest.

I was walking rapidly back in the direction of Holman Square when suddenly a thought struck me and I stopped short.

"By Jove!" I said, "I believe I have been already of service. That cab number I gave Brant has been followed up!" I quickened my pace, for I wished to arrive at the place of the inquest before they convened again, so that I might have an opportunity to chat with Brant, relative to assisting him. I arrived twenty-five minutes before the hour. Little groups of men were standing around, discussing the various features of the case, but neither Brant nor his partner was visible. Collins, the watchman, was standing guard at the door of the office upstairs.

"Is Mr. Brant about, or his partner, Mr. Dale?" I inquired.

"Well, I guess not," replied Collins. "Men who work as rapidly as those fellows don't stand around waiting for anything. They'll be here at two, I'll wager, but not before."

I strolled into the inquest room and took my seat. There were quite a number back from lunch, and we sat silently waiting.

The short, thick-set detective who had taken me from my room strolled over to my side, and I was surprised to hear him say pleasantly, "I'm glad you're out of this, sir, for it's dirty work."

I was greatly impressed by the fellow's change in manner. How

sharp and unsympathetic such men can be in their line of duty, and how human and decent they can also be when one is not a suspect!

"Indeed, it is brutal work," I replied; "but what of Miss Wilmerding? Have you any theories as to where she may be?"

"We have our ideas," replied the man, "but we ain't talking."

I knew that he was trying to impress me as one having valuable information, but surmised that in reality his remarks were based on bluff, for effect.

Promptly at two the inquest opened again. Brant had come in several minutes before the hour and was talking earnestly with the coroner. Presently the latter rose and rapped for order.

"Joe Weber."

A little, weazen-faced fellow got up and took the stand.

"Your name is Joe Weber?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your business?"

"Cab driver."

"What kind of a cab?"

"A hansom."

"What's its number?"

"Twenty-seven hundred and four."

"Were you here at Holman Square last night?"

"I was."

"What time did you come?"

"About eleven fifteen."

"Do you know Mr. Lamar?"

"I do, sir."

"Did you drive him here?"

"Well, not exactly, sir. I drove him and another gentleman to within three blocks of this building, when Mr. Lamar got out and told me to wait until he joined another man and then for me to follow slowly behind and wait in front of this building."

"You say another man. Was there some one with Mr. Lamar inside your hansom?"

"There was, sir."

"Did you know the other man?"

"No, sir."

"Did you drive Mr. Lamar later?"

"I did."

"What time was it?"

"About five or six minutes later, I should say—about eleven twenty, sir."

"Was the other gentleman inside when Mr. Lamar came out?"

"Yes, sir; he asked me for a match just before Mr. Lamar came out of the building."

"Where did you drive this strange gentleman?"

"To 833 Madison Avenue."

"Did you stop anywhere?"

"No, sir."

"Who paid you?"

"Mr. Lamar, when he reached his house."

"What time was it when Mr. Lamar got home?"

"It was about eleven forty."

"What did the gentleman with Mr. Lamar look like?"

"He had a gray beard and was slight."

"Have you ever seen him before?"

"Yes, sir; I have occasionally seen him at the clubs."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"I think so, sir."

Mr. Lamar looked very much annoyed and appeared more nervous than ever when the coroner put him on the stand again.

"There appears to be some discrepancy between your statement that you left Holman Square alone last night, and the statement of the cab driver. Have you any explanation to give?"

"The driver lies; that is the only statement I have to make."

"That is sufficient, Mr. Lamar."

Mr. Brown, of the firm, was then put upon the stand again for a minute, and in reply to the coroner's question stated that the yacht cannon had stood upon the book-case for the past three years, ever since Mr. Chalmers put his yacht out of commission. Then he hesitated and seemed much embarrassed.

"What is it, Mr. Brown?" pressed the coroner, noticing his embarrassment. "You had something more to say?"

Mr. Brown looked annoyed.

"Yes, there was something I had in mind, but it can have no direct bearing, and it may serve to injure some one whom I do not believe to be connected in the least with this dreadful affair."

"Go on. We must take it for what it is worth."

"I would prefer not to mention the incident."

"I must then press you, Mr. Brown."

Mr. Brown's hand trembled as he took his handkerchief from his pocket.

"The incident is a small one, but since you insist and are entitled to the facts I will tell you that Miss Wilmerding and a young brother of hers borrowed the cannon and had it upon the front lawn last 4th of July."

"Was Miss Wilmerding familiar with its use?"

"Yes, she used to fire it when the cannon was on the *Katherine*."

"Was the *Katherine* Mr. Chalmers's yacht?"

"Yes."

"Did Miss Wilmerding use the cannon to celebrate last 4th of July?"

"Yes, she and her brother fired it a number of times."

"Who brought back the cannon?"

"I believe the gardener and the stableman carted it back and placed it where it was accustomed to stand, on the book-case. I remember this, for they forgot to put the canvas cover on again, and I heard Mr. Chalmers ask one of his secretaries to fix it up as it was before."

"Is this secretary here?"

"No, he went off for his vacation about a week ago, and has not yet returned to the city."

"What is this secretary's name?"

"Arthur Roades."

There was a slight interval in the proceedings, and quite a stir was produced when the coroner finally said, "I will now ask Mr. George Dent to take the stand."

A slight, well dressed man of about forty came forward. He wore a closely clipped gray beard, and his whole appearance indicated the successful man of the world.

"Is it true, Mr. Dent, that you quarrelled with Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Lamar about a month ago?"

"My difference with Mr. Chalmers was not in the form of a quarrel, sir," said Dent in a direct and straightforward manner. "My quarrel was with Mr. Lamar."

I looked at Lamar. He was frowning darkly, but made no move to interrupt.

"Were you on friendly terms with Mr. Chalmers at the time of his death?"

Mr. Dent hesitated. It was evident that he was much embarrassed by this question. "I was not an admirer of Mr. Chalmers, but I bore him no ill feeling," he said finally.

I somehow distrusted Mr. Dent's statement. It did n't ring true.

"Were you on friendly terms with Mr. Lamar at that time?"

"I had not spoken to Lamar for about a year. It is well known that we have long been enemies."

"What is the nature of your difference with Mr. Lamar?"

"See here, Mr. Coroner," Dent broke in sharply, "I came here unwillingly, as I know absolutely nothing that can assist you or your jury in detecting the perpetrator of this ghastly murder. Of my difference with Mr. Lamar, I have only to say that it is a personal matter of long standing, the nature of which is none of this jury's business."

Dent certainly had the full courage of his convictions, and I could not help admiring him for it. To my surprise, the coroner did not seem in the least angered by Dent's deportment, but calmly asked:

"Were you out in the hansom cab with Mr. Lamar last night, Mr. Dent?"

"That is a question I decline to answer."

The coroner jotted something down upon a tablet before him.

"Are you or are you not on friendly terms with Mr. Lamar now?"

"I have already informed you, sir, that I am not on friendly terms with Mr. Lamar."

"That is all I wish to know, Mr. Dent."

Joe Weber was then called again.

"Do you know the gentleman who has just been on the stand?"

"Yes, sir. It was him I drove away from here last night with Mr. Lamar."

"Are you positive? Can you swear to it?" pressed the coroner.

"Yes, sir, I can swear to it, although it was dark."

This testimony of the cab driver undoubtedly put Lamar and probably Dent out of the case, for they must have been well uptown, if not actually at their own homes, when the crime was committed.

Yet things indeed looked strange to me. The cab driver must have been mistaken, for what peculiar circumstances could account for those two bitter enemies driving about together? I was glad the problem was Brant's and not mine. I smiled when I thought of Inspector White's chances of solving such a tangle. The criminal was no ordinary man, and the relationships between the principals in this tragedy were far too subtle to be unravelled by any detective except just such an educated man of the world as Mason Brant. To me, the outlook seemed hopeless, as I believe it appeared to the acute coroner and the more worldly members of his jury. There was a long conference in low tones between the coroner and his jurymen, then the twelve men retired to discuss the case behind closed doors. After a two-hours conference, they returned with the verdict that "Mr. Chalmers came to his death by a yacht cannon fired by a person or persons unknown."

Thus the inquest broke up, and I reached the street with a more unsettled feeling than ever.

Where was *she*? I looked for Brant and Dale among the many persons leaving the building, but they had disappeared.

I was disappointed, and resolved to call at their office after I had procured something to eat.

## VII.

It was about eight o'clock when I got up-town, changed my clothes, and managed to get through with my dinner. The various phases of the case were chasing each other through my brain, all of them ending

in speculations as to *her* whereabouts. I shuddered at certain suspicions, and my heart grew cold.

"To-night I shall pray to feel your kisses upon my lips. Your lonely girl." The brutal insinuations of Mr. Howard returned to me again and again. Of course it was possible—everything is possible. Even *she* could have killed, if driven to extremes. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and the girl's rage or jealousy might have reached an intensity that made her take life. But what a method! The person, man or woman, who fired that cannon had planned Mr. Chalmers's death days, perhaps weeks or months, ahead. I was at my wits' end, and the more I pondered, the more confused were my thoughts of her.

But where was the girl? Was she safe? After all, if her love for Chalmers had led to her slaying him, it could have been no cheap passion, and the girl was doubtless more sinned against than sinning. My heart warmed to her, and I started out for Brant's office in the mad hope that he could tell me where she was.

It had commenced to rain, and I quickened my steps and reached the office of the well known firm considerably out of breath, only to learn that both members of the firm were out. However, one of their assistants, Mr. Lacy, was in, and I asked to see him. Lacy, a very small fellow with jet black hair and eyes to match, came out and asked me into the office.

"It is very important that I see Mr. Brant to-night," I said.  
"When do you expect him in?"

The young man's eyes were very penetrating, and he showed a decided alertness and active nature as he looked me over. He was just the style of office assistant Brant would be likely to employ, I was thinking, when I was surprised to hear him say, "Neither Mr. Brant nor Mr. Dale is likely to be back to-night, Mr. Harkness, for they are both engaged upon some points in this case which will detain them for hours. I don't, as a rule, inform strangers of my employers' whereabouts when they are working up a big case, but I feel that I know you, Mr. Harkness, since Mr. Brant described you to me just before he left, and said that it was more than likely that you would call this evening, as he was compelled to leave Holman Square hurriedly without seeing you after the inquest."

"Mr. Brant did me a great service in clearing me of suspicion at the coroner's inquest."

The young man's eyes snapped violently, and I took it as a little nervous peculiarity he had.

"You are an electrical engineer, I am told. Have you a card?"

"Yes."

I took out my pocketbook and handed him my card.

The young man looked at it carefully.

"Alfred Harkness, electrical engineer. What is your address?" he asked. I took out my pencil and wrote the number and street on the card.

"Tell Mr. Brant I am anxious to see him at once upon his return."

"I surely will," said the young man, and I took my leave.

It was raining hard when I reached the street, and I buttoned up my coat and walked rapidly over to Broadway. I had always loved the reflected lights in the wet streets and pavements, but to-night they served only to chill my spirits, which were already well below par.

The evening "extras" were out with the usual scare-heads, and I bought them eagerly and stopped in a lighted doorway to read them. There was nothing new recorded, but I was much interested in reading the account of the coroner's inquest. There it was complete, printed from the stenographers' notes. How queer it all looked in print!

"Yes, sir; I decline to state." Indeed, I had the publicity all right!

I then found myself wondering if *she* had read it. All the brutal question stood out like spectres. Poor girl! She too was getting her share of notoriety, justly or unjustly. I was thankful that the love letter had not been produced at the inquest or been published. I found myself wondering who was the other woman the watchman had mentioned? Could she have been the murderer, or could she have been the cause of Miss Wilmerding committing the crime because of a jealous passion.

No, if I am anything of a judge of women, it was impossible for *her* to have planned such an act—for planned and premeditated it surely was; as carefully planned and as deeply premeditated as any crime that was ever committed.

But what does mortal man know about woman anyhow, when at times he does n't even know himself. Miss Wilmerding may have possessed a second self she knew nothing about until this strange circumstance arose. She might have done such a deed in the intensity of jealous rage, but not in a premeditated manner.

Yes, after all, the possibility of her guilt could not be denied. She might have loved Chalmers deeply, passionately, and have for some time felt that this other woman was stealing him away. Perhaps she had determined she would never give him up, and had loaded the yacht cannon and laid the cord, so that as a last desperate resort she could render this woman's victory a barren one, if things ever reached such a climax. The loading of the cannon was an easy matter. It only required the insertion of one of the giant blank cartridges, with its primer, which came all ready for use for saluting purposes. The dropping in of the five slugs upon the cartridge was but the work of a

moment. Yet the pistol? No, the whole thing was too premeditated and too carefully thought out for any woman to have arranged it.

It was not a woman's work. But whose?

I ran quickly over the possible murderers and jotted the names down in my note-book. There appeared:

The released thief.....	Traced to a Maine town.
The two secretaries.....	One of whom was supposed to be away on his vacation.
The other woman.....	Who was she?
Mr. Lamar .....	Out of it. Up-town at the time.
Mr. Dent .....	Out of it. Probably up-town with Lamar.
Mr. Howard .....	Could have remained in the building hiding.
Mr. Brown .....	Could have remained in the building hiding.
Mr. Herbert Chalmers....	Out of the question.
Some hired assassin.....	Name or whereabouts unknown.
Hal Collins .....	Possible.
Mr. Traynor .....	Possible.
and <i>her</i> .....	Mysteriously absent.

I tried to look at the list calmly and dispassionately and give an unbiased view. But reflection only made me the more miserable. Things looked blackest for *her*. No doubt the various detectives on the case were working over just such a list, only with *my* name added.

With all my meditation, one thing was certain, the guilty person or persons had planned things in order that they might encompass their victim's death in case of some desperate climax of necessity. The cannon may have covered Mr. Chalmers with its deadly charge for months, the murderer waiting for some specific time before he chose to secrete himself in the place which so well afforded perfect protection from discovery while he pulled the cord.

But I argued further—and the idea brought me a sense of relief—if Miss Wilmerding was driven to commit a crime because of jealousy, would she not have killed the other woman, and not the man she loved?

Then there was that mysterious telephone call, the thought of which brought back the old suspicions. It may have been the signal to the murderer hiding safely behind the packing-boxes, that Mr. Chalmers was at his desk. One could not see Mr. Chalmers from where the cord must have led, yet he could plainly have been heard talking. If it was *she*, perhaps it was the conversation over the telephone that decided her to end his life. Perhaps she spied upon him thus and heard the words which turned her love to hatred.

Who called Mr. Chalmers up? That was another mystery. Undoubtedly the person talking to him must have heard the cannon and Mr. Chalmers's last gasp. An idea crossed my mind. By Jove! I would go to the telephone operator and try to learn what number had

called up the firm of Chalmers, Howard & Brown at the fatal hour last night. I had helped Brant once, and perhaps I could help him again. There must be few 'phone messages sent down-town at that late hour, and there was just one chance in a thousand that the girl would remember. Going into a drug store, I called up "Central" and asked for the address of the sub-station switchboard for that section of the city, and was soon on my way to the place.

Yes, the same girl was there, I was told, and after some demur I was permitted to speak to her. She had very noticeable auburn hair, and was reading what appeared to be a novel and manipulating numerous plugs at the same time. At my question, she cocked her head with the affixed receiver and glanced at me with a look of pity. Her deft hands continued to manipulate the cords and plugs.

"Say, mister, do you remember the number of your last meal ticket?"

There was a ripple of snickers and chuckles from the long line of girls sitting beside her.

"No-o," I said; "but—"

"Tain't no use—no use whatever. Another chap with little bead-like eyes was here only a couple o' hours after the call, and I could not have told him any more than I could fly in the air."

There was another ripple of amusement, and as I saw it was hopeless, I hurriedly made my escape.

"That was a great success, Alfred," I said to myself when I reached the street, "a brilliant success."

It had stopped raining and a fresh wind was blowing up when I reached the street. Tired out physically and mentally, I wended my way to my little hall room, convinced that detective work was not so easy as one might imagine.

### VIII.

IN addition to several welcome letters from home, the next morning's mail brought me a note from my doctor chum, offering to do anything to help that I might wish. Then as I descended the boarding-house steps, I was confronted by a messenger boy with a note.

"Is there a Mr. Harkness here?" asked the boy.

"Yes; I am Mr. Harkness." I felt sure the note had something to do with the murder mystery, and I eagerly tore open the envelope. The message read as follows:

DEAR MR. HARKNESS:

I would like to see you at my office about eleven this morning, if you can find it possible to come.

Faithfully yours,

MASON BRANT.

I had intended to go anyhow, but I was more than glad to get this note. Was it possible that he wished me to assist him in some part of the work? Indeed, I was eager to see him. I bought the morning papers, and read them and my mail at the breakfast table. I had been afraid that my people at home might have read the accounts of the Chalmers case in the papers and been shocked by seeing my name connected with it, but the letters showed that they were ignorant of my late ordeal. Now I could send them marked copies of the papers, and write that I was perfectly free from any suspicion. I read the paper over, hurriedly searching the columns devoted to the investigation at Holman Square for news of her. There was nothing of importance, only the statement that the police expected hourly to arrest the man who had recently been discharged from jail and who had sworn to take Mr. Chalmers's life when he regained his liberty. The police had cleverly tracked the man to a little town in Maine immediately after the murder, and it was expected that he would be brought to New York. The account closed by significantly stating that Miss Wilmerding was still missing.

Could Brant have had any news of her? Why did he send for me? It seemed a week since the disappearance of Miss Wilmerding, and yet she had been gone only thirty-six hours. How much had happened during that time!

I went down to Madison Square and sat upon a bench. My benchmates were a dejected looking lot. Doubtless many of them had spent the night where they sat, and were without the price of a breakfast; yet they sat waiting—waiting for what? Such sights always made a deep impression on me, and I turned from them to look over the papers again. How should I kill time until eleven? It was now only a little after nine. Suddenly I thought of her home. Yes, I would walk up Madison Avenue and pass by her house. I felt that I should like to see where she lived. Where she lived! *Did* she live? I would go anyhow; it could do no harm. I strolled leisurely along until I reached the house, a very handsome gray stone residence fronting about sixty feet on Madison Avenue, with a court in front shut in by heavy, wrought iron gates. I strolled past and back again and looked up at the windows. I was tempted to ring the bell and ask if there was any news of her, and I think I should have done so had it not been for my appointment with Brant, from whom I felt sure I would learn something. As I walked back, I stopped in at the writing-room of one of the hotels and sent a line home. Then I started down to the office of Brant & Dale.

"Hello, old chap!" said Brant. "Guess I'll have to humor you this morning with a little good news, for I want you to do something for me."

"Give me the news—my time is yours," I said.

"Well," said Brant, and he looked very mischievous, "*she* is back;" and he emphasized the "*she*" in a most mocking manner.

"Really!" I said eagerly, for I knew it would be useless to try to hide my interest or my feelings from him. "Is she—" I hesitated and colored.

"All right," he supplied.

"And free from any complicity in the murder?"

"Absolutely," he replied. "She knew nothing of it till late last night, when she returned."

My heart was beating fast, and I felt ashamed of the vague suspicions I had unwillingly harbored.

"But where had she been?" I quickly asked.

"Only across in Jersey, to see an old school chum of hers who was very ill. She left hurriedly and telephoned Mr. Chalmers where she was going and when she would return. He was killed before he remembered to tell any one else in the family of her visit. It seems that she telephoned to Jersey from down-town late, learned that her chum was worse, and decided to go right over, without even returning to the house to get a grip. She simply called up her cousin and asked him to explain. Nothing could have been simpler. In the little Jersey town the papers did not reach her, and only by accident did she hear of her cousin's murder. She was much shocked and distressed, and took the first train she could get home."

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

Brant smiled. "Of course I've seen her. I was the accident that let her know of the murder. I went over to Jersey and told her."

"But how did you know where she was?"

Brant smiled. "You will know all in due time," he replied. "In the meanwhile, are you willing to help me in a few technical matters?"

"With all my heart!" I cried. "What can I do?"

"Find out what this is;" and he went to his desk and took from a drawer a small glass tube. I took it in my hand and walked over to the window, where I held the tube to the light and examined it carefully. It resembled the little glass portion of a spirit level, and contained an amber-colored liquid which flowed from end to end as I tilted the tube. Evidently the contents had been hermetically sealed in by melting the glass together at the ends in a blow-pipe flame.

"Be mighty careful of it," said Brant, "for if you broke it and spilled its contents it would greatly upset my work. Take it to some first class laboratory, have the tube carefully opened and the contents analyzed, and report to me as soon as you can. I've got my hands full, and so has Dale, so I will appreciate your help very much. Try to

see the city chemist, or perhaps one of the professors at Columbia. I'll see that you don't lose by it."

"Can you tell me where you got it and what bearing on the case it can possibly have?"

"Yes, but not now. All in due time, my dear fellow. So be off, and remember I count upon your handling this matter skilfully. When you tell me what the tube contains I will have other things I'll need your help in."

Brant had picked up his hat and made for the door, while I wrapped the little tube up carefully in some paper and put it in a small box in my waistcoat pocket. I decided that I would take the little tube up to the chemical department of Columbia University, where an old college chum of mine was an assistant in the laboratories, so I walked over to Sixth Avenue and took the elevated. I wondered if Brant put special trust in me, or if he knew already what the tube contained and was only testing me before he gave me something of more importance to do. I occupied a seat at the end of the car until it reached Fifty-ninth Street, when an old lady got in. There were no seats left, so I rose to give her mine. Just then a large man with a heavy bag crowded past me in a hurried effort to get off before the train started, forcing me violently against the side of the doorway. A panicky feeling swept over me when I felt the box in my pocket crush. What of the tube? Was it safe? I started to take it out, when I noticed a most disgusting odor. It did not occur to me for several moments that the contents of the tube in my pocket were responsible. I recognized the odor as that of bi-sulphide of carbon. The smell soon filled the car, and people were craning their necks and putting their handkerchiefs over their faces, when I felt an unnatural warmth under my coat, and suddenly the cloth of my coat burst into flame! I slapped at it violently with my hands, but the flame persisted and spread in a most unnatural manner, throwing off great clouds of white smoke. What hell-born chemical compound did the infernal tube contain? I was terribly frightened, as were also my fellow passengers. The old lady to whom I had given my seat was frozen with amazement and fright in the corner. Two men came to my rescue, but their efforts proved as fruitless as my own. When the train reached the next station I was hurried off onto the platform, sputtering and flashing with fire, and throwing off great clouds of white smoke, and was trying to take off the coat and vest when the guard came running from within the station with a chemical extinguisher and wet me down from head to foot, amid the cheers and laughter of the passengers who crowded the windows of the elevated train.

I must have been a pitiful looking object as I sat upon the bench after the train had started off. When my heart-beats had come down

to something near normal again, and I had gotten over my terror, I removed the crushed box and tube from what had been a pocket, and examined the remnant of the tube. There was a small end still containing a few drops of the liquid, and I hurried down the steps of the elevated station to a drug store, where I bought a vial and slipped the fragment of glass with the few remaining drops of liquid within. Every one I passed wore a broad smile, and I could see that the drug clerk had difficulty in hiding his laughter.

I hurried out again and looked about for a cab. Good heavens! what was happening now? The remnant of my fine blue suit was turning white in spots and streaks all over—evidently from the chemical stream. I got into the first cab that hove in sight and gave orders to drive to the university.

My friend Willis, short, thick-set, and pale, with his familiar gold-rimmed spectacles which always had appeared three sizes too large for him, met me in the laboratory, and I dropped into a seat, produced the vial, and told him the trouble.

"Ah! Yes, yes," he said; "the well known solution of white phosphorus in bi-sulphide of carbon. Not necessary to make any analysis. I have some here and can show you how it acts."

"Show me how it acts? This is no time for jest, Willis, but write me a statement."

"I will do both," he said, and he produced a fair-sized, amber-colored bottle containing a mobile liquid. I had taken off the remnants of the coat and vest I had on and hung them over the back of a chair. "Now," continued Willis, "here is the vital constituent;" and he showed me a wide-mouthed bottle containing, as he explained, water in which the sticks of phosphorus were immersed. They looked for all the world like sticks of lemon candy. He removed the glass stopper and with a slender pair of pincers deftly withdrew a stick of the phosphorus. It began to smoke immediately upon coming in contact with the air, and he quickly immersed it in a little porcelain dish full of water.

"I will need only a piece the size of a pea, Harkness," he said, and with his pen-knife he cut off a fragment under water. Then he poured out a little of the bi-sulphide of carbon into a test tube and dropped in the tiny fragment of phosphorus. "You will observe," Willis continued, shaking the tube gently up and down, "that the phosphorus—insoluble in water—is dissolving readily in the bi-sulphide of carbon."

The same disgusting odor filled the laboratory.

"Now the trick is done. Let us pour a few drops of the solution upon this piece of filter paper;" and, suiting his action to the words, he wet a piece of the paper with the fiendish stuff and watched. It

was not many seconds before the paper burst into the same kind of a sputtering flame, accompanied by the same clouds of white smoke, that had characterized my accident.

"You see, old chap," said Willis, "bi-sulphide of carbon is not only a ready solvent for this phosphorus, but a very volatile one, evaporating rapidly when poured upon any body, leaving behind the thin film or deposit of phosphorus, which soon takes fire in the air, throwing off its peculiar white oxide in the form of smoke or product of combustion."

"It's a beastly thing," I said, keeping at a respectful distance from the still sputtering filter paper. "Now, like a good fellow, jot down what you have told me, and I will be greatly indebted."

Willis went over to his desk and began to write his statement.

"Who had this, and what the deuce did he have it for?" he called over from his desk. "It is a nasty compound used for incendiary purposes."

"Will tell you all about it as soon as I know myself. Brant was the man."

"Brant—Mason Brant, the detective?" said Willis, turning around in his chair. "He knows all about the stuff, I am sure."

"Yes, Mason Brant. I'm helping him in the investigation he is making at Holman Square—but keep this confidential."

"Did he find this tube there?"

"I guess so, but he did n't say. He promised to tell me about it when I made my report upon this—" and, being at a loss for a word with which adequately to express my sentiments, I merely pointed to the compound on the table. When I put the remnants of my coat and vest on again they evoked peals of laughter from Willis.

"You are covered with sulphate of soda, from the fire extinguisher. You look like a wet turkey that has lost half of his feathers and has been whitewashed in streaks! Sorry I've no clothes here to lend you, Harkness;" and as I turned and walked toward the door he burst out laughing afresh.

"That's all right, Willis, if it amuses you, only I fail to see anything so very funny in it." I was getting cross, and the recollection of the cab in front of the door reminded me that the analysis of the infernal tube was going to be a costly one. Back to Brant's I drove, paid the cabby, then ran up the steps and rang the bell. I was met by Lacy, who led me into the waiting-room.

"Mr. Brant telephoned for you to wait, Mr. Harkness. He'll be back in a little while."

Presently Dale came in. He appeared to be much excited, and, with a nod to me, he picked up the telephone and called up the warehouse at Holman Square.

"Is this 4201 Canal? Well, ask Mr. Brant to come to the 'phone."

Dale waited and with his pencil drew a network of meaningless scribbles upon the blotter. It was very evident that he had come upon something.

"Hello! That you, Mason? . . . Well, I made connection all right. I've proved the origin of the thing to be as you suspected and that he signed the check. . . . What? . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . Absolutely sure."

I could hear the harsh rumbling of the telephone diaphragm against Dale's ear as Brant talked. He seemed to have considerable to say.

"All right, Mason. . . . Yes, he's here. . . . Wait, then. Hold the line." Dale turned to me. "Are you ready to state the contents of the tube Mr. Brant gave you?"

"Yes——"

I was interrupted by Dale, who turned to the 'phone again. "Yes, he has. . . . All right, then. Good-by. He says"—Dale had turned to me again—"wait for him here. He will be up soon, and wants to talk with you."

Dale walked up and down the room like a caged lion. Was it possible that the firm was already "in full cry"? It would take Brant at least twenty or thirty minutes to get up-town, so with a word of explanation I slipped out and bought a sandwich and drank a glass of milk. On account of my appearance, I confined myself to a side street and sneaked back again to the office as soon as possible. Dale was still walking up and down when I entered, and I could plainly see that he was deeply engrossed. Presently he turned and faced me squarely, and a smile crept over his face.

"For Heaven's sake, what have you been up to?"

I briefly outlined my unhappy experience.

"Never mind, Harkness, you're all right. Brant said so, too, the day before yesterday."

"Have you seen Miss Wilmerding?" I asked, consciously blushing.

"Yes, Brant and I had an interview with her this morning."

"She was awfully crushed by Mr. Chalmers's death, I suppose," I said.

Dale looked at me quickly, and I saw a suspicion of a smile upon his lips. "No-o," he said quietly; "she was, of course, greatly shocked and grieved, but she was not at all prostrated in the sense you suggest."

"Then she was not in love with her cousin?" I hastened to ask.

"Not in the least. I fear you have allowed Howard's testimony to influence you too much."

"But the love letter—how do you account for that?"

"Ask Brant," said Dale, laughing. "Here he comes. He can tell you all about that—if he chooses to." The door suddenly opened and Brant came in.

"Hello, Harkness! I see you've made that chemical test yourself. I'm awfully sorry, old chap. Who bumped into you?"

"I don't know his name," I said, laughing, "but that does n't matter much." Then I told him the facts as they happened and showed him Willis's report.

"I thought as much, but the chemist's certificate will be necessary when the evidence is called for in court. You must add the price of your suit to the amount of your fee."

"All right," I said, smiling.

"What do you make out of this?" Brant said, taking from his desk a piece of paper, evidently a leaf torn from a note-book, for the left-hand edge of the paper showed that it had been perforated like the blanks of a check-book. I sat down at the table and examined the writing on the sheet, which was as follows:

Let the capacity be expressed by C. Its resistance by R. Its inductance by L. The quantity at any time t. by q. and the current in the oscillator circuit by I, then by the following differential equation, we have the above stated thus:

$$-\frac{d}{dt}\left(\frac{1}{2}q^2\right) = \frac{d}{dt}\left(\frac{1}{2}LI^2\right) + RI^2$$

$$\text{or } L\frac{dI}{dt} + RI = \frac{1}{c} \int I dt$$

$$\text{or } \frac{d^2q}{dt^2} + \frac{Rdq}{Ldt} + \frac{1}{Lcq} = 0$$

$$\text{or } TT''q + Tq + q = 0$$

Where T is written for  $\frac{L}{R}$ , TT for CR and q and  $q''$  for the first and second time derivations of q.

"These are electrical calculations," I said, "and fairly stiff ones too. The work is of an advanced and practical character and has to do with condenser charges and oscillating currents. The person who made these calculations was well informed in electrical science."

"Can you tell me what he was driving at?" asked Brant.

"I can hardly do that," I replied, "except to say that he was working with electrical discharges of high potential and high frequency. I feel quite sure, however, that I can draw a pretty good line on what the investigator was doing if you can find a little more of the note-book."

"Perhaps I can find you something better to-morrow. Be here at eleven sharp to go with me to Holman Square. I have some work for you."

"All right," I said. "I will come gladly."

Brant turned to Dale, and in a moment they were in close confer-

ence, speaking in lowered voices. Just as I started for the door, I was surprised to see it open suddenly and there stood Mr. Brown, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Herbert Chalmers. They all three seemed to be greatly excited and brushed by me into the room without apparently noticing my presence.

"You're just on time, gentlemen," said Brant, jumping up and looking at his watch, when I closed the door and stepped out into the hall, where the little fellow with the black, snappy eyes let me out to the street. The firm of Brant & Dale was certainly "in action," as well as the surviving members of the firm of Chalmers, Howard & Brown. A handsome landau was standing in front, probably belonging to Mr. Herbert Chalmers. I would have given anything to be permitted to stay, for my curiosity was aroused to a high pitch. Brant & Dale had undoubtedly telephoned for these three gentlemen and had given them some startling information. What could it be? Was it possible that Brant's plans had already matured, and that he had marked the man he wished arrested?

#### IX.

I MADE up my mind to take a walk in the afternoon and look in on my doctor chum, for the Chalmers case was worrying me a great deal more than I liked. It was about three o'clock when I started out, and, once upon the street, the desire to walk by her house again came over me strongly. My medical friend was soon forgotten.

What a remarkable thing fate is! I had little expected to see *her!* Yet there was a hansom in front of the house, and as I reached the gate I saw the slender figure of the girl, dressed in black, standing in the doorway. As she walked out of the court to get into the hansom she saw me, and a pretty color came into her cheeks. I instinctively took off my hat and stepped forward.

"Indeed, Miss Wilmerding, I am deeply distressed at your sorrow," I said. "Can I be of the least service to you?"

She held out her hand. "Perhaps you can. There are some things I should like to tell you, and if you have the time, perhaps you will drive down the street with me. Do you know that I was going to write you a note, *sir?*" I noticed that she emphasized the "sir."

I looked up quickly. She was smiling as I helped her into the hansom.

"It feels so good to be out. I have been in the house all day till now. My cousin's death was a great shock to me."

"I never met a man in all my life by whom I was so quickly and strongly attracted as I was by Mr. Chalmers," I replied.

"He was one of the best men that ever lived," she said simply.

From the girl's tone, it was plain to me that she had never loved him or felt more than a cousinly interest. It was also evident that she had read all the papers and knew of my visit to Holman Square.

Presently the hansom drew up to the curb, and Miss Wilmerding alighted.

"Wait here for me, please," said the girl, and she went into a store. When she returned, I jumped out to help her in again. "Drive toward the park," she directed.

There were many turnouts passing as we swung into Fifth Avenue, and she pulled a light veil down over her face.

"I don't care to have people think I am heartless, driving about so soon after my cousin's death, but I feel that I must get some fresh air," she explained.

"I am sure it is only common sense—the drive will do you good."

How altogether lovely the girl was! Then I thought of the love letter I had found, and a sudden jealous pang seized me.

"You are not taking too much time from your work, are you?" she asked.

"I have no work on hand just now," I said, smiling. "That is"—I hesitated—"I took a week off so I could do a few things for Mr. Brant."

"Yes, I know," said the girl. "He told me lots about you, and I heard him tell Mr. Dale that he was going to use you as an electrical expert in a day or two."

I colored happily.

"I do not know just what it was for," continued the girl, "but I am sure it is in connection with my cousin's death—possibly in connection with that mysterious telephone call."

I reflected ruefully upon the sorry attempt I had made to assist Brant in that direction.

"Is n't Mr. Brant wonderful?" she went on. "He came over to New Jersey and told me what had happened. In the two or three conversations I've had with him, he told me and my friend Mrs. Elliott wonderful things, only I cannot tell them now. He asked such strange questions too. It seems as though he can almost tell what is in a person's mind."

As we drove along amid the carriages and automobiles, I longed to speak of having seen her a year ago on the Mayflower Express. But how could I introduce the subject? The incident had not been commented upon, and I felt that if she really remembered me the subject might prove embarrassing to her.

"You must have gone through a most painful ordeal at the coroner's examination;" and she glanced at me with a little look of regret that I had had such a disagreeable experience.

"Yes, it was unpleasant while they suspected me. But, thanks to Brant, I was not in that position very long."

When we reached the entrance to the Park, we drove on for some minutes in silence. Presently she pushed up her veil.

"I really need the air," she said. "I don't believe any one will criticise me for driving out here, do you?"

"I certainly should n't think so, and I would n't care if they did, for only very artificial, light-minded people could uphold such foolish and unnatural conventions."

The park was beautiful—a thousand times more beautiful than I had ever seen it, or deemed it could be. Life, too, was a thousand times more beautiful than I ever knew it before. It was some time before either of us spoke. Presently I turned to her to say some trivial thing, and when my eyes met hers I felt a thrill and was conscious of the fact that we held each other's eyes by the most wonderful attraction in the world.

"Do you remember seeing me before?" I mustered courage enough to ask.

"Yes," she said gently; "a year ago, on the Thames Railroad Bridge."

A violent crash ahead attracted our attention. An automobile had struck a closed carriage, tearing off one of the rear wheels and smashing the windows. Luckily bystanders had the presence of mind to spring at the horses' heads.

"I hope no one is hurt," said Miss Wilmerding as we drove on.

"Probably badly scared, that's all," I said. "I looked pretty closely as we passed, and nobody seemed to be injured to any extent."

We chatted on various subjects after that, and we must have driven for half an hour or more when presently she looked at her little pearl-mounted watch.

"Better turn here," she said, "for my uncle will be worried if I stay out much later."

I rose and pushed open the trap and instructed the driver. Neither Miss Wilmerding nor myself spoke for some time. I was thinking of the man to whom she had written that letter. Because of it I felt as if there were a barrier between us even greater than the mere fact that I was poor and a stranger. The girl appeared to be turning something over in her mind—something she wanted to say, or some question she wanted to ask. But she evidently abandoned the idea for the time, for she said, "There is always some trouble here in New York, is n't there? I do hope it won't be long before they arrest the murderer of my poor cousin."

"I don't believe it will, Miss Wilmerding," I rejoined. "I have great confidence in Mason Brant."

Neither of us dreamed how swiftly an arrest was destined to follow.

The hansom had emerged from the park, and we were now driving rapidly down Fifth Avenue. I told of the experience I had with the phosphorus solution in the morning and of the yells and jeers of the crowd on the cars.

"Poor fellow!" she said sympathizingly. "You've certainly had your share of trials in this unhappy tragedy, and you're a stranger too." She hesitated, as if about to say something more. I was certain Miss Wilmerding had something on her mind, and I was not mistaken. When we had pulled up at the curbing in front of the Chalmers residence, the girl looked at me and colored prettily.

"I have never thanked you, Mr. Harkness, for returning what must have appeared to you to be a very ardent love letter."

She jumped out of the hansom and dismissed the driver. Then she held out her hand. "I was going to write to you," she said, "and thank you when I found out you were—" she hesitated—"a—gentleman. An old friend of mine was at college with an Alfred Harkness, and I have just learned it was you. The love letter you were good enough to return belonged to page 331 of my new novel, the proofs of which I have just received from the publisher. I lost it in my silver card-case, and when I looked in the 'found' column the *letter* and not the card-case was advertised." Then, smiling, she said, "I hope we may become good friends, sir, that you will come to see me, and that I may very soon show you my story in book form."

She laughed roguishly as she again emphasized the word "sir." In a moment more, before I could return the gold piece, she had entered the court and rung the bell.

#### X.

I WAS indeed in high spirits when I left Miss Wilmerding and wandered down the street. "She did not love," were the words that repeated themselves over and over again. They occupied my thoughts to the exclusion of all else. She had given me encouragement, too, in hoping that we should become good friends. Was it possible that I had a chance to win her? I wandered aimlessly down the street; I was simply too happy and too absorbed in my thoughts of her to care which way I went.

What wonderful things a few hours had brought about! She had returned, she was in no way implicated in the Holman Square tragedy or in any love affair, and she was plainly far from unfriendly towards me. My spirits were so high, I almost felt afraid of them.

And she was writing a love novel! Bless her heart! she promised to let me read it when it was published. The fact that she wrote had been brought out at the inquest, I recalled.

I found myself harking back to the beginning of all these wonderful developments. I had wondered why the loser of the love letter should have thought of looking in the "found" column. Who else but a romantic and sentimental chap like myself would ever have dreamed of advertising a love letter? Why did n't I think of the possible envelope having been a pocketbook or a card-case of intrinsic value instead of a paper one? Of course, the finder had pocketed the silver case and had thrown away the papers it contained. "The thief," I reflected, "pocketed the silver and threw away the gold." So I thanked God for the letter and the friendship that had begun through my returning it to its owner.

Harking back to the tragedy, I wondered to what use Brant purposed putting my electrical knowledge. He appeared to know already about those electrical calculations. And what connection had that infernal tube of phosphorus solution with the case?

"It is the only one," Brant had said. "Be mighty careful of it, my dear fellow." It must have been the only one, for there was no fire. What *did* those electrical calculations have to do with the case?

How Brant's eyes had twinkled when I recognized in the terms and equations electrical conditions of high potential and high frequency! I tried in vain to connect a possible use of such a tube of phosphorus solution with electrical currents of high potential and high frequency. I had been a star man in my scientific studies at college, and yet I was completely stumped by such a combination. I was eager to go down to the scene of the crime again, and especially to go with Brant and actually to take part in the investigation there.

Then my thoughts reverted to the gold piece Miss Wilmerding had given me. What should I do about it? I felt the blood mount to my cheeks whenever I thought of it. A dozen plans ran through my mind. First I thought I would have a locket made of it and return it to her. Then I decided that I would simply send the coin to her with a bunch of flowers. I would tell her how debased its acceptance made me feel, and yet how miserable it made me to part with it. Indeed, I felt I had a little problem of my own to deal with right here.

I made up my mind that I must do something with it to-morrow, and a big feeling of joy swept over me when I realized that it afforded an excuse to go to see her. It was a golden pass key into her presence whenever I should choose to use it. I strolled leisurely along and looked at the beautiful things displayed in the shop windows, and though I had only eight or ten dollars in my pocket besides the twenty-dollar gold piece, I felt that I was the richest man in the world. Thus I drifted until the evening papers were out.

The Chalmers case was naturally the one general topic of discussion, and the papers were reaping their harvest. Men stood right where they had bought the paper as if glued to the spot while they read the heavy type over the first column.

I rushed up to the first newsboy I saw—for he was far too busy disbursing his wares to come to me—and bought a paper. Thus ran the headlines concerning the investigation at Holman Square:

ARREST MADE IN CHALMERS CASE.

EX-CONVICT ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER.

JOSEPH GARLAND, FORMER EMPLOYEE,

TAKEN INTO CUSTODY

BY THE POLICE.

Joseph Garland, a former employé of the firm of Chalmers, Howard & Brown, and an ex-convict, was arrested this morning by the police for the murder of Mr. A. L. Chalmers. Garland, who had sworn to kill Mr. Chalmers upon his release from prison, was tracked to Biddeford, Maine, immediately after the crime, and brought back to New York. Garland stoutly denies having committed the crime, and declares that he can prove an alibi; but the police believe they have sufficient evidence against him.

The man will probably be put through the "third degree" to-night at police headquarters, when interesting developments may be looked for. It is rumored that Joseph Garland was the cat's-paw of certain persons who expected to profit by Chalmers's death.

The police have clearly shown that the suspect was released from prison on the first day of May, that he had come direct from Albany to New York, where he was lost sight of, and that he left for Biddeford the day following the shooting. It is believed that the parties indirectly responsible for the death of Mr. Chalmers loaded the yacht's cannon and hired the man Garland, already possessed of a grudge against Mr. Chalmers, to take up his position and pull the line attached to the cannon's primer upon the signal of the telephone, to which call Mr. Chalmers would be replying at his desk.

The article continued with a complete review of the case, the most complete and detailed description of any I had yet seen, and I put the paper into my pocket, with the idea of reading it through more carefully when I reached my room, and then sending it to my father and sister.

Things looked dark for Garland, and my suspicions of Lamar, Howard, and Dent as possible accomplices were strengthened. How easy it would have been for one of these men to instigate the crime and put Garland up to playing the part of executioner of the man he hated!

Yes, I felt sure some one must have put Garland up to the act. I

remembered once hearing a prominent Boston police official say that of the many threats made by convicted men, rarely was one ever carried out. I remembered distinctly, for the statement interested me deeply at the time: "Men make threats when carried off to jail sometimes, but only in the rarest instance do they ever return to pay back or work vengeance upon their prosecutor."

These were the words as used by Captain Gosquin. I suppose a year or more of prison confinement, with the likelihood of being sent back for life, if not to the electric chair, takes such rash resolutions out of men.

"Yes," I argued, "if Garland committed the crime he was given good recent inducement apart from any personal threat he may have made a year ago."

I felt a strong suspicion of these three men whom I had seen on the stand at the coroner's inquest. Yet which one had the real motive? It was quite evident to me that Lamar was paying marked attentions to Miss Wilmerding, and that his attentions were anything but pleasing to her. Could it be that her cousin had told her things detrimental to Lamar's character? As for Howard, he had certainly acted queerly and created upon my unprejudiced mind the most unfavorable impression.

Then there were Dent and the other woman! What interest could they have had in Mr. Chalmers's death?

I felt the utter hopelessness of proving anything against them, for the relations between the principals were far too subtle for any ordinary outsider to probe. Sometimes I could reason the thing out and convince myself that Howard was the guilty man, at other times I was sure of Lamar's connection with the case, and then again I suspected Dent. With every case I built up, however, there were important details and "loose ends" unaccounted for.

I shuddered when I thought of my visit to Holman Square that fatal night. At the very hour of my visit and at the very moment I heard those rats gnawing, this man was undoubtedly crouching behind the partition with the deadly line in his hand. Had the murderer only waited for me to leave before he pulled the line, or had he tarried for the ringing of the telephone bell? What if I had stayed? Would he still have pulled the cord? Undoubtedly I should have been caught by the watchman and the police when they came upstairs, if, indeed, I also had not been shot down by the flying slugs. I was anxious to discuss the various features of the case with some one, and as I had not seen my medical friend for more than a week, or thanked him for his note offering to assist me when I was under detention, I resolved to drop in to see him at his office. He was in, and we soon found ourselves deep in a discussion of the mystery.

"You know," my friend said, "George Dent owns that building, and it is not impossible, if he was implicated in the murder, that he intended to place that tube of phosphorus solution you had such an experience with, in the yacht cannon."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Just what I say," continued my friend. "Dent owned the building. It was probably well insured and possibly he needed money."

"Then he must have forgotten to put the charge into the cannon, or else he changed his mind, for had he loaded it with such an infernal tube, it would have made short work of that building."

"Where was it found?" inquired the doctor.

"I don't know; probably in the box with the blank cartridges and primers."

"What a fiendish charge it would have made! The five slugs were bad enough, but with that beastly tube of liquid as a sixth slug, Mr. Chalmers would not only have been murdered, but the building and its entire contents would have been destroyed also. Probably the man Garland, too, would have lost his life in the flames, for the phosphorus solution would have been sprayed over a great area of the wooden interior of the office, and it would have taken fire all at once."

The more I thought of it, the more firmly convinced I became that the plot was a cunning and diabolical one, the conception of some educated criminal who had used the man Garland as a tool.

"Dent came to New York only six or seven years ago," said my companion. "He is regarded as a very clever and shrewd man, but has never been popular here."

"You know, Burt," I said, addressing my chum, "I have an engagement with Brant in the morning. He wants to use me later in connection with the case as an electrical expert."

"Probably in connection with the telephone, too, old man. Have efforts been made to learn who sent that late telephone call?"

"Yes," I said; "that point has been looked into, but without success."

"Guess you'll find Garland will go to the chair, unless he really can prove an alibi, or else show up the man who hired him. You see, he openly threatened Mr. Chalmers's life."

"I agree with you, Burt. Garland is undoubtedly headed for the chair. No, I won't take anything, old fellow," I said when my chum proposed a night-cap. "I shall need all my faculties at their best to-morrow."

My friend followed me to the door, and, after chatting for a few minutes on the step outside, I said good-night and walked briskly toward home.

## X.

THE facts as published in the next morning's papers rather upset my theories, and threw me all at sea again:

## GRAVE BLUNDER MADE IN CHALMERS CASE.

JOSEPH GARLAND PROVES PERFECT ALIBI.

It has developed that the police have acted unadvisedly in arresting Joseph Garland for the murder of Mr. Chalmers at Holman Square. It has been conclusively proved that Garland was a patient in Bellevue Hospital at the time the crime was committed. The evidence shows that Garland came to New York immediately after his release, that he arrived a week before the murder at Holman Square was committed, that he was admitted to Bellevue Hospital under the assumed name of Peter Colbert, on the second day of his stay in New York, suffering from a broken arm and rib, and that he was not discharged until the day after the crime was committed. Doctors Underwood and Branch and Superintendent Mullan of the hospital staff have positively identified him, and several nurses also have testified to the fact that he was a patient in the hospital on the fatal night. After his discharge he went to Biddeford, Maine, where he was arrested and brought back to New York.

The papers gave a portrait of Garland, and it was anything but a pleasing picture to look at. No wonder the police suspected him after his making that criminal threat! He did not look like a man I should care to meet alone after nightfall.

I put the paper in my pocket and went to get my breakfast and read my morning's mail. I had decided during the night that I would return the twenty-dollar gold piece to Miss Wilmerding, hard as it was for me to part with it, and that with it I should send a pretty bunch of roses. So after I paid my check, I walked over to a florist's on Broadway and bought a dozen red roses. I wrapped the gold piece up in a piece of paper and enclosed it in an envelope, but when I started to write her name upon it I paused. A battle between my judgment and my heart had begun. I yielded to my heart and simply quoted from her letter: "As deeply a part of me as the color is of the rose." Then with a piece of scarlet ribbon I attached the envelope to the flowers and laid them in the box, which I carefully addressed to her. I did not feel that I could entrust the box to the florist or to a messenger boy, so I called a hansom and directed the man to take me to her house.

"For Miss Wilmerding," I said to the butler, then returned to the hansom and ordered the driver to take me to the office of Mason Brant.

"As deeply a part of me as the color is of the rose." How I had learned to love those dear lines! I should never see red roses again with-

out thinking of love—the most beautiful and wonderful love in the world! Lost to everything else in the world, I was simply revelling in the memory of that last divine look into her eyes, when I suddenly came back to earth and realized that the hansom was drawing up at the door of Mason Brant's office. I was about to pay the driver when the detective appeared upon his step.

"Just keep the fellow, old chap," Brant said, "for I am going to take you to call upon a very attractive young woman before we run up to Holman Square."

I must have shown a very sudden and deep interest, for he hastened to add:

"Not Miss Wilmerding, old man, but a very attractive and wealthy little widow."

I heard Brant give the driver orders to drive to an up-town number on Fifth Avenue, and I looked at his handsome, clear-cut features and wondered what he was going to spring upon me now.

"This is going to be a very exciting day for us, Harkness, or I lose my bet. Things are all pretty well cut and dried, old chap, and I am merely calling on Mrs. Elliott to get some things she has already told me about."

Brant did not appear to be in the least excited, and he puffed at a cigarette as we bounded merrily on the rubber tires over some rough planking where repairs were being made to the street.

"I think that before another moon we'll have our game," and Brant's eyes sparkled as he noted my incredulous expression. "If nothing goes wrong, I shall be able to send a telephone message from Holman Square that will set up a few 'headlines' in to-morrow's papers."

"Have you come across any more leaves from that electrical notebook?" I inquired, not daring to ask a more leading question.

"Something better still, old fellow. Dale will meet us at Holman Square after our little visit here, and then I will let you see our exhibits—exhibit A, exhibit B, and exhibits C, D, and all the dear old familiar letters of the alphabet." I could see that Brant was in fine humor as we drew up before a handsome house on Fifth Avenue, and I followed him into a tasteful drawing-room.

"Tell Mrs. Elliott that Mr. Brant and Mr. Harkness would be very happy if she would see them for a moment."

I recognized the name at once. Was *she* Miss Wilmerding's chum?

"We are calling upon Mrs. Cushman Elliott," Brant said as he walked over to look at a picture that hung upon the wall. Presently there was a rustle upon the stairs, and a very attractive young woman descended and came into the room. She carried a small box neatly wrapped in paper, and cordially held out her hand to Brant.

"This is Mr. Harkness, the electrician who is going to help us," Brant said by way of introduction, and she gave me in acknowledgment a smile which I thought full of sadness.

Brant turned to me and smiled. "It was Mrs. Elliott who gave me the young lady's name in New Jersey and who advised me to look for Miss Wilmerding there. It was very fortunate that I was allowed to make Mrs. Elliott's acquaintance, for many reasons. I see you've got the package ready, Mrs. Elliott. I wish every one might be as prompt and businesslike as you have been."

"I think you will find everything there, and just as I have described them."

"I am going to ask you to let me look them over here," said Brant. "Not that I doubt your statement as to the completeness of things, but to save time. I fear I shall have but scant opportunity to examine them at Holman Square."

Mrs. Elliott pleasantly moved some little ornaments to one side of a table, and Brant laid down the package and untied the string. It contained only a tobacco box, on the top of which were two green books.

"I'll turn these over to you, Harkness;" and he handed me the books and opened the box. It was filled with thousands of cigar bands, all taken from a well known and expensive brand of cigar. I noticed that the box had also contained the same kind of cigar.

"How many bands did you say, Mrs. Elliott?"

"Here is the number;" and she took out a little slip of paper upon which was written 5212. Brant took out his pencil and figured rapidly.

"Let's see, if a man averaged three cigars a day for a year, he would smoke three times 365, or 1095 cigars, and"—Brant figured further—"5212 cigars would represent nearly five years' smoking."

"I've known him about five years, and he has collected bands for me during all that time. It's an odd thing to happen, but the subject of collecting cigar bands came up the first evening I met the man at a dinner, and he has never ceased to let me have a lot every week or two. My little girl wanted them then, Mr. Brant, but she soon tired of them, though I never told Mr. Dent so."

I looked at the books, which were college text-books on physics. On the title page was: "An Elementary Treatise on Physics, by George W. Dent, M.A." and written in ink: "To his friend, Mrs. Cushman Elliott." The writing seemed familiar, and it flashed across my mind immediately that Dent had also done the writing and the figuring on the loose leaf of the note-book. Yes, the "T" was identical with the letter he had put down for a factor in his formulæ. I looked

at the date of the books: "1896. D. Van Namen & Company, New York, Publishers."

"Eleven years ago," I said to myself. Dent had probably written these books while teaching physics in the West, before he came to New York and took up his successful business career.

"When did you see Mr. Dent last, Mrs. Elliott?"

"The day before the murder."

"You are sure he still smokes the same brand of cigar?"

"Yes, so far as I know."

"I hope you will pardon a very personal question, Mrs. Elliott, but I know you wish to help us in every way you can."

Mrs. Elliott looked very serious. "I have already answered many questions," she said, "and I have signified my willingness to reply to any more you might see fit to ask, Mr. Brant, for I am very anxious to see Mr. Chalmers's murderer brought to justice."

"How long did you say you have known Mr. Chalmers?"

"A little over a year, Mr. Brant—but I think I have already told you this."

"Yes, you have, Mrs. Elliott, but I sometimes have a way of repeating questions to accommodate my own clumsy mental processes. I hope you will forgive me."

Mrs. Elliott had colored noticeably.

"I understand that Mr. Dent has been paying you attentions for the past four or five years."

"Yes," she said; "it is true."

"Now one more question, Mrs. Elliott. When did you tell Mr. Dent that it was useless for him to continue his attentions?"

Mrs. Elliott appeared annoyed, and I felt that Brant was pushing matters rather far, especially in the presence of a stranger. The situation had already become quite clear to me, and it was evident that Mrs. Cushman Elliott and Mr. Chalmers had been, to say the least, very close friends, and that she was submitting to Brant's question purely to assist him in running down her friend's slayer. Mrs. Elliott did not reply to Brant's question at once, but said presently:

"It was at the time when Mr. Chalmers and I became friends—about a year ago."

She had stood the ordeal well.

"Did Mr. Dent send you these books lately?"

"No," she replied; "about four years ago, when I saw a great deal more of Mr. Dent than I afterwards cared to."

"Has Mr. Dent been at all persistent in seeking to force his attentions on you during this past year?"

"Yes, and I have been somewhat annoyed at times."

"I am certainly under the deepest of obligations to you, Mrs.

"Elliott," Brant said, "and I have arranged purposely to have you tell me these things before a witness in order to obviate your possible appearance in court."

"Do you suspect Mr. Dent of having any connection with Mr. Chalmers's death?" she asked.

"I fear that Mr. Dent had several motives for wishing Mr. Chalmers out of the way, but I would not care to lead you to believe that he committed any crime."

After thanking the lady and expressing his regret at having had to trouble her, Brant indicated to me that we would leave for our drive down-town. Mrs. Elliott looked very beautiful as we left her standing by the drawing-room table, and from her sad smile as she bade us good-by, I felt that she had loved Mr. Chalmers, and that she was much more affected by his murder than she wished to have known.

I was glad to get out into the street again, and to find myself driving with Brant down through the busy street.

"You must not be surprised at any developments, old chap, for they will rapidly follow."

"Is n't Mrs. Elliott charming?" I said.

"Yes—poor girl! She loved Chalmers, and if I am not greatly mistaken, he was equally attracted by her. Chalmers must have been a fine fellow, from all accounts."

"He was a most attractive man," I said. "He won my heart completely in the single brief interview I had with him. I almost feel that I have lost a friend."

"You may have observed, Harkness," said Brant, changing the subject, "that I have not let you entirely into my confidence, and that I have not told you what I wanted you for at Holman Square, what I make out of the tube of phosphorus solution, which so markedly impressed you, or why I attach any importance to the loose leaf of the note-book with the electrical calculations, to the cigar bands, and so on. It is not due to any lack of confidence in you, but to my own queer method. Everything worth knowing comes to us in due time, and once at Holman Square I am going to show you everything and let you tell me what you make out. If you and I agree—well, I will ask you to consent to act as my electrical expert on the witness stand in court. There will be experts on the other side, and I shall have to have an equally bright fellow on my side to prevent them from breaking down our case before the jury."

"Yes, but how did you happen to use me? How do you know I am competent?"

"Well, I sized you up, old chap. There are men who enlist my confidence at once, and, on the other hand, there are men who have big reputations and apparently all the necessary qualifications, but by

whom my confidence is not enlisted, and who my instinct tells me are not worth a continental, for my purpose! Besides, old chap, if you will forgive me——” and Brant drew from his pocket his large note-book with a leather pouch for holding papers attached, and took out three letters, which he handed to me to read. The letter-heads were familiar to me at the first glance. The first was a flattering commendation from my friend, the professor of Electrical Engineering in the George Washington University at Washington, and the other two were from the Engineer of Tests, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway, and the First Vice-President of the Consolidated Electrical Light & Power Company, where I was still employed. All three letters made me very proud and very happy, and I blushed as I handed them back to Brant. I only hoped I would not make a fluke of the important matters Brant had in mind for me. By the time we turned into Houston Street I felt that in Brant I had indeed a good friend. I was certainly attracted most strongly by him. He was not only a man’s man, and a genius, but I felt sure also that he was a man women would go wild about. Yes, man or woman would put implicit confidence in anything he might say. I had never seen more clear-cut features or a face and frame that stood for more intellectual and physical strength.

We turned the corner at Holman Square, and the great stone warehouse loomed up to our view. There were still a number of idle people out front and a policeman standing guard at the door.

## XII.

My excitement was intense as we went up the steps and passed through the door.

“We are a little late,” Brant said, looking at his watch. “Our call on Mrs. Elliott took longer than I counted on. I am to meet Dale, Herbert Chalmers, and Howard and Brown here, together with their counsels, for a few minutes’ conference, before I run over the ground with you. Their attorneys will also probably want to talk with you before they leave.”

When we reached the now famous inquest room on the floor above, we found a number of men there.

“Gentlemen,” said Brant, addressing the two attorneys, “this is Mr. Alfred Harkness, the electrical engineer we have engaged. I am going to review the technical matters in question and have him report to you at your meeting here at two o’clock.”

They rose and shook hands with me, and Brant said, “Mr. Chism and Mr. Fraser, of the law firm of Chism, Fraser & Wright.”

I knew the firm by reputation as one of the oldest and best in New York.

They had numerous papers spread out before them on the table, where Mr. Dale, Mr. Herbert Chalmers, and the surviving members of the firm of Chalmers, Howard & Brown were seated. I noticed that a large check-book lay opened before them, and that Mr. Chism held a blank check in his hand.

"I would like you to examine the electrical exhibits very carefully, Mr. Harkness," said Mr. Chism, "and be prepared to describe them as an expert on the witness-stand. The case is a very complete one, but we felt that the services of a specialist in presenting certain exhibits to the jury would be desirable, especially as some questions are sure to be asked."

"I will gladly do so," I replied, "if Mr. Brant will let me look them over."

Brant led me through the door into the rough partitioned office where Mr. Chalmers had been shot, and then walked over to the corner of the room where the heavy book-case was. One end of it still stood out from the partition as the coroner had left it after discovering the cannon.

Brant turned and, leaning easily against the end of the case, began: "When I had heard the statement of the watchman that only one shot had been fired, and had examined the body of Mr. Chalmers and the bullet-holes in the partition, I at once came to the conclusion that all five bullets left a single barrel simultaneously, and that the barrel must have been a smooth one, for the three bullets in the partition had "tumbled," as I showed at the inquest, and had produced very little penetration. I at first thought that the bullets had been fired by a sawed-off shotgun, or some weapon of about the same bore and length as carried by the shotgun messengers in the West. Well, to make a long story short, the weapon was evidently fired from the direction of the book-case, and I saw that such a sound as the watchman heard could have been produced by the gun's being thrown behind the case after it was used. Fortunately, the police nosed around and found the Colt's revolver, which held their attention in that direction, and kept them from interfering with me. Well, I was not long in jumping on Dale's shoulders and in looking behind the book-case after the others had left the office. We returned here again later, and as soon as we found ourselves alone I climbed up and dropped over behind the case and examined the cannon carefully. I discovered a number of other things, too, which served as such important clews that we expect to bag our game to-night."

"Yes," I said; "go on."

My heart was beating fast.

"Well, that fishing line ran into a small hole in the floor, and

upon careful examination I found a loose board;" and here Brant stooped down and pulled it aside.

"I saw a small recess under the partition, where a gas or water pipe ran. Here I found the line to terminate in a cigar-box, which was tightly wedged in position by a little block of wood, and covered over with a lot of shavings, presumably to hide it from view. I quickly removed the box, put back the floor board, and cut the line off quite short within three or four feet of the cannon, so if by any chance the cannon should be found and be placed back upon the book-case, the line would not quite reach to the floor and so give the impression that it had been pulled by a man hiding behind the book-case, or else—as it is just long enough to reach the partition and pass through with about six inches to spare on the other side—that the murderer had been stationed on the other side of the partition. Having taken the box and cut off the line, I was not much afraid to have the cannon revealed, and so I betrayed its position to the coroner and the police when pressed to do so. A few minutes after examining the cigar-box and its contents, Mr. Dale and I began to weave our case, which has been a very smooth one. Here is the box, old chap;" and Brant walked over to the big desk, unlocked the drawer, and took out a cigar-box.

"The gentlemen in the other room, you, Dale, and the guilty party are the only ones, besides myself, who know about it."

Brant laid the box down upon the desk, and I at once recognized that it had contained the same brand of cigars as the box we had taken from Mrs. Elliott's. There was a tiny hole at the back, through which about three inches of red and yellow silk fishing-line protruded. When Brant opened the box the first objects that caught my eye were an ordinary telegraph instrument, or what is known as a Morse sounder, and a cell of dry battery in the pasteboard case, so well known to every one familiar with electric-bell work. The telegraph sounder was firmly screwed to the inside of one end of the box and was connected to the cell of battery through what appeared to be a little nickelled connector about one and one-half inches long. At the other end of the box was a coiled clock-spring, so attached to the inside of the box that the operation of the telegraph instrument would release its tension and allow the suddenly freed end of the spring to fly back and strike the box. My hands were trembling perceptibly, and Brant stood beside me and looked into my face and smiled.

The free end of the clock-spring had a small hole in it, through which was tied the other end of the piece of fishing line. It was at once evident to me that it was only necessary to operate the telegraph instrument from some distant point to release the clock-spring, which would then pull the line and fire the cannon.

"A beastly device!" I said excitedly. "But the criminal took a great chance of having the apparatus found, for it certainly contains numerous clews!"

"Yes, but here is where I found that tube of phosphorus solution;" and Brant put his finger upon two little clips, screwed to the side of the box, just where the released spring struck.

"It was not intended that this box of mechanism ever should be found! The released spring pulled the primer and fired the cannon, but, by the merest chance, it failed to smash the glass tube. Had it been broken, I think you will concede that, from the position of the light cigar-box in between the floor and the partition, with the covering of shavings, our investigation here at Holman Square would have been of a very different character."

I pictured the sight of twisted gas-pipes, masses of tin roofing, smoking cinders, and the members of the New York fire department wading about in the ruins in search of the body of the victim.

"Just think, Harkness, had this devilish device worked properly, the murderer would have left no trace behind that could have helped us track him."

"I do not dispute you for an instant, Mr. Brant," I said, with a sickly smile, remembering my poor suit of clothes which I had given a servant a quarter for carrying out of the house and depositing in the ash-barrel, "but the wires from the sounder—where did they lead to? What became of them?"

"Oh," said Brant, "there were but two short pieces found. One was attached to that gas pipe;" and Brant stooped down and pointed to a place in the pipe where it had been sandpapered bright for a distance of about three inches. "One of the wires terminated here," he said, "by wrapping around the pipe."

"Yes, that is one terminal to ground," I said. "That only goes to earth, and is common practice in telegraph work; the other wire is the important one, and will undoubtedly lead us direct to the criminal's lair."

"The other wire," Brant went on, "runs along under the partition to the outside wall of the building, where it passes through the bricks and connects with the old lightning-rod which terminates in a sharp point skyward, above the chimney-top. I want you to go out and take a look. You will find the old lightning-rod broken off just below the place where our wire is attached. I will join you here when you come down, as I wish to see the gentlemen in the other room for a moment before we act further."

I ran up the stairs and out on the roof. By lying flat on my stomach and looking down, I could see that a copper wire emerged through a

hole in the wall and was made fast to the lightning-rod, which had been broken off just below.

The lightning-rod was an old-fashioned one, for it was supported upon glass insulators and kept free from the building. The rod, supported part way by the chimney, terminated in a sharp point about fifteen feet above my head.

"Let me see that box again," I said excitedly, after I had hurried down-stairs and met Brant coming back into the office from the inquest room, and I immediately concentrated my attention on what I had taken for a little nickel connector.

A moment later I had taken it out of the box, and, unscrewing one end, slipped out into my hand the well known sensitive coherer of a Marconi wireless telegraph.

Brant was seated upon the desk-top, carelessly swinging his leg and enjoying my excitement immensely.

"It is all very evident that our friend, Mr. Dent, has been directing his talents along devilish lines," I said; "but how can we swear to the man who sent the fatal signal, when wireless messages are going over New York every hour?"

"That is one of the important points I want your testimony in, Harkness. Can you not think of any way that the murderer could have controlled this particular instrument so other wireless messages would not operate it?"

"By Jove! of course. Within the past year a high degree of 'selectivity' has been worked out, enabling wireless messages to be sent through space, each destined for its own receiver and not interfering with the instruments of other stations. This instrument could have been 'tuned,' to use the technical term, 'way below or 'way above the operating conditions of commercial wireless telegraphs, and thereby made to respond only to the waves from its own transmitting station."

"You say 'worked out'; do you mean mathematically, theoretically? If so, kindly examine the leaf of this note-book again," said Brant, "and tell me if such calculations pertain to this 'tuning'?"

"By Jove again, they could! Yes, they do; I recognize it now as plain as day! It is one of Kelvin's formulæ for working out problems in this very line," I cried excitedly.

"Now what I want you to do, old man, is to fix the date as nearly as you can when the art of 'tuning' and of using this selective phenomenon was first employed."

"I can do that readily by looking over the literature of the subject at the technical libraries, but I am quite sure the art has been developed only within the past year or eighteen months. But how about the sending instrument, Mr. Brant? Have you found that?"

"Yes; it is attached to the house just as it was a year ago. It

was installed for amusement between Mr. Dent's house and that of a friend. Mr. Dent had tuned both instruments so he could talk with his friend without being interfered with."

"Then you found the transmitter in Dent's house?"

"I found *a* transmitter there," said Brant, "but there were two, of course. The other instrument was at Lamar's. I also found these;" and Brant took from the drawer of the desk another box—a tool-box—containing little nails, screws of various types and sizes, some clock-springs, two empty glass tubes, another Marconi coherer, a firing primer, some forty-five calibre cartridge shells from which the bullets had been carefully removed, and a little hank of red and yellow fishing line.

"This," said Brant, "is Lamar's tool-box, which we borrowed from his rooms quietly the other night in order that we might look the contents over and compare these little brass screws"—Brant stirred them with his pencil as he spoke—"with the little screws used in putting this infernal machine together. They match perfectly, as you will note."

"Whom will you arrest?" I asked excitedly.

"Lamar," said Brant. "Dent knew nothing of the murder. He arranged everything for Lamar, and yet knew nothing about the use the telegraph was destined to be put to. He worked out the thing for a telegraph set nearly two years ago," he continued, "and Lamar, since he broke with Dent, concocted this;" and Brant laid his hand upon the cigar-box.

"Lamar was in a tight place financially, and had signed Mr. Chalmers's name to a check for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The check was honored just as the bank closed on the afternoon before the murder, and Lamar took Mr. Chalmers's life before morning to prevent the discovery of the forgery. He had prepared the cannon and endeavored to mend his quarrel with Mr. Dent for certain business reasons and in order to throw him in a bad light, in case it should be to his advantage to do so in connection with this crime. Mr. Dent will be here this afternoon, and I think you had better have a little chat with him. I have found him a most interesting fellow."

"But how do you know Dent did n't call up Mr. Chalmers and kill him from *his* transmitter?"

Brant smiled broadly.

"For several reasons, old chap. In the first place, Dent has no telephone. Lamar has one right on the table in his room, through which he assured himself that Mr. Chalmers was at his desk and in the cannon's range. We also found the transmitter there connected to a flag-staff on the roof. Dent's equipment was not in working order, and, besides, among numerous small deductions was the unlikelihood that a man who had smoked one brand of cigar exclusively for many

years, a fact well known among his friends and possible enemies, would use a box of that brand for any criminal purpose. Our little visit upon Mrs. Elliott has pretty well demonstrated that Mr. Dent was very partial to this cigar, which Lamar probably knew, so he planned Dent's implication in case the apparatus should by any chance be found before it might be used. And, again, Lamar's record is bad. From a study of his past, Mr. Dale learned several things that go to show him capable of such an act. Mr. Dent, on the other hand, while not popular, is a man of good reputation. Perhaps Miss Wilmerding will tell you how her cousin warned her of this man's character."

### XIII.

PROMPTLY at two I returned to Holman Square and presented my views to the counsel for Mr. Chalmers and the two members of the firm. Mr. Dent came in soon afterwards, and he was very glad to go over the whole situation with me from his side.

"Yes," he said; "Lamar and I invested in the telegraph sets about two years ago, and we had a great deal of amusement out of them. At first we were much troubled by interference from other messages, but later I tuned our sets down exceedingly low, so low, in fact, as to be out of the commercial range. When Lamar and I fell out, he took his part of the set complete—that is, the sounder from my room, which was all carefully tuned to go with his transmitter, which was, of course, in his room—and I took mine. We each then had a sounder and a transmitter complete. He must have mounted his sounder and coherer in a cigar-box and attached the clock-spring. That is his own invention. How he knew about the phosphorus, I cannot tell, as I was not aware myself such a diabolical compound existed.

"He called to see me the day before the murder, greatly to my surprise, and went out of his way to patch up our quarrel. He said he had something of great importance to discuss with me and wanted me to drive down-town with him, and like a fool I made up my mind to let bygones be bygones, and I rode down to Holman Square with him on that fatal night. It was during the drive down that he suggested that I subscribe to a business deal which, after giving it some thought, I considered to be dishonorable. We were approaching the warehouse and were within a few blocks of it when Lamar saw you, and he got out and walked, as you know, to the building, having told me to stay in the cab and think his proposition over more carefully.

"The driver was instructed to follow slowly, and I sat in the cab and waited until he took you in and introduced you to Mr. Chalmers. When he came out again he spoke of Mr. Chalmers in a very contemptuous way and referred to certain other persons in such a disrespectful manner, in criticism of certain business transaction, as to

reopen our old feud. I was so disgusted by the man's conduct, and especially by the way he referred to a certain lady, that I actually felt ashamed to have been associated with him again for even an hour.

"He doubtless wished to put me in a compromising position in case any of his criminal contrivances should be found. He knew of my ownership of the building at Holman Square, and that I was known to be more or less of an expert in electrical science. Moreover, he knew I had been a rival of Mr. Chalmers in a certain matter concerning a lady, and that I might be supposed to have strong motives for wishing Mr. Chalmers's death. I realized all this the morning after the murder, as I wondered if Lamar could have gone back downtown again after he had left me at my house. It was fear that I might be implicated that led me to deny having been with him.

"Mr. Brant got all these facts," continued Dent, "which was a good thing for me, for had the city detectives found that infernal device, I would probably have been ruined."

We continued to chat together, and I was thinking of all the weird conditions of the case when Dale came to me and said that Mr. Herbert Chalmers would like to see me.

"Young man," began the distinguished old gentleman, who I afterwards learned was a high official of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, "I think I know about the plans my son had in mind for you in connection with our road, and if you will come to see me in a day or two I will see that you meet our superintendent of motive power. There are two excellent positions open in connection with our plans for the electrification of the road. My son was going to give you a trial, and I have made up my mind to do the same."

I was indeed more than grateful, and expressed my appreciation as best I could. Brant was now called to the telephone, and an excited atmosphere prevailed. It did not take him long to send his message: "Serve your warrant, inspector. We are quite ready to act."

The inspector carried out his part faithfully, for the men who had been ordered to shadow Lamar closed in upon him and took him from the steps of his club within an hour's time.

That night when I returned to my boarding-house I saw lying upon the dingy hall table a note in a delicate gray envelope and addressed to me in a woman's charming hand.

I opened the envelope and took out the note. The writing simply ran, "As deeply a part of me as the color is of the rose."



## SOCRATES

*By Jennie Brooks*

"Frowning, the owl in the oak complained him  
Sore, that the song of the robin restrained him  
Wrongly of slumber, rudely of rest."

*Sidney Lanier.*

SOCRATES was in trouble—the result of not having kept to his long-established custom of sleeping in the day-time. In the late afternoon something had stirred him out of his leafy coverts in the dark wood—probably the robins—and thus rudely awakened, he had flopped heavily from tree to tree, foraging for his supper, and had finally landed in a maple adjacent to a thick woodbine, just then beginning to receive its evening tenants, the sparrows. In the golden-leaved maple he sat—a great, brown Long-Eared Owl, much at his ease, but with watchful, blinking eyes that, half blind in the light, even yet saw quite enough to locate and pounce upon his prey when he got a chance.

All owls have a way of fluffing out their feathers and making themselves appear as much as possible a part of the tree-trunk, and so long at a time will they remain motionless, it seems as if they themselves were deceived.

The small, active neighbors of Socrates were much disturbed by his sudden appearance, and with a curiosity that proved fatal to one of them, a brisk little chipping sparrow, they circled nearer and nearer to him in his immobility, until suddenly there was a swift plunge from out the maple and in a trice Socrates had captured a prize and was back to his perch, holding in his beak the injured, chittering bird. He was instantly assailed by the outraged horde, and his round, yellow eyes stared in amazement at his tormentors, as he slowly turned his head from side to side, the bird yet in his mouth. Socrates was vastly disconcerted and ruffled like an angry cat, glaring viciously at the assailants he dimly saw, but budging never an inch. Every moment we expected to see him fly away, but he evidently feared to try carrying his supper and was reluctant to leave it. For many minutes he endured all manner of insult from the sparrows, who flew in his face, tweaked his feathers, snapped at his eyes—bright and shining marks—and scolded and berated him soundly, until in sheer despair he dropped his prey to the ground beneath, and with an angry snap of his beak and a

wailing "Hoo—hoo!" rose into the air and sailed away to the thick woods.

That was the very last we saw of Socrates, but not by any means the first. In the early days of his youth, before he knew better than to go dozing about in the day-time within plain sight and easy reach of two small boys, he had been captured by them along the bank of a creek, and presented to the writer.

The morning of his advent in the household was full of pleasant surprises. He was interested in his new surroundings, and submitted fairly well to being held in the hand or on a finger and occasionally stroked, though at times he did snap savagely, little as he was—a very baby of an owl, downy and soft and gray, but with an inscrutable look in his wise yellow eyes which raised the question whether he had not come into existence with the Pyramids.

In his youth he was more like a fuzzy chicken than anything else, and we were greatly surprised and delighted when as time went on he showed symptoms of having long ears. We could hardly believe we had really in our possession a Long-Eared Owl, a species much more rare about here than the Screech Owl or Barn Owl.

When he was held in the hand he was comparatively quiet, but once let him feel himself quite free, as he did when we perched him on an iron bracket, and away he would fly across the room, blindly alighting on anything or in any place, and leaving behind him a cyclonic track. A delicate china cup he shattered to atoms by alighting on its edge in his first flight. On his second tour of observation, down went a vase of Bohemian glass, and two tiny bisque figures danced gaily to the floor as his clumsy wings brushed them *en passant*, he himself gazing at the ruin as one would say, "Now *who-oo* did that? It never was *I*!"

Still, we kept him, his nonchalance captivating our hearts. For many weeks and even months he required to be tied to his perch with a stout string, a string long enough to allow of his making short flights. As he grew larger, a light chain was put about his foot, as he showed marvellous facility in tearing the string apart. He soon learned to know us, and of one person—a boy—he became especially fond.

His favorite diet was mice and grain, and it was not difficult to supply him from neighboring barns. His choice of locality was a wide window-seat, and here in long spring days and in early summer he would sit alternately dozing and gazing gravely down into the street, over into the campus or into the elms in front of the window, with a "*Won't you walk into my parlor?*" look at the smaller birds who nested there.

He grew quite tame and acquired a number of funny tricks. One of his favorite jokes was to pull the pen or pencil from the hand of any one who sat near him writing, with his hooked beak, drop it on the

window-sill or the table, and then step over it back and forth, again and again, untiringly and with much dignity.

He was a great inspiration for all literary effort, was Socrates! With the wisdom of apparently uncounted ages in his square, fluffy head, he never failed to respond when appealed to. If you laid down your pen, weary, tired, not knowing what to say next, Socrates would gravely remark, "Goo—oo—ood!" and you'd quickly straighten up, run over the manuscript, and conclude it would touch the heart of your publisher after all, and that Socrates was a wise old bird.

He would willingly sit and gaze at you by the half-hour, unwinkingly, while you sounded the depths of knowledge in his ears; but it apparently required only a short five minutes for him to know one's mental limits!

When summer days came on, the plumage of grayish white gave place to the dress of maturity, a pale buff thickly mottled with brown, not less beautiful. With advancing age Socrates showed almost the intelligence of a parrot. He could do almost anything but *talk*. When the step of the boy he loved was heard on the stair, he was instantly broad awake, and evinced his delight by awkward bowing or dancing as his friend came toward him. Sometimes the boy would extinguish him beneath a golf-cap, which always drove him wild with fear, but he never resented it, invariably submitting to petting and conversation on its removal. If he was not noticed in any way, he quickly called attention by a chuckling noise in his throat, long drawn out, or by picking at the sleeve of any one near him. The Cat Owl or Long-Eared Owl has also a mewing cry, more often heard from him than the hoot of other owls.

Chimney-swifts nested in the wide old chimney of the room occupied by our bird, and sparrows filled the woodbine, but they took good care to keep out of his reach in their circling flights and wary alightings near his window. The other birds—jays, cardinals, cat-birds, and many besides—studied him at first with respectful attention, but lost interest when they found he could go no further than the window.

A restful person to have about, was Socrates—always calm, always unruffled, always gravely patronizing to the world he had known since time immemorial, and always, by his superior demeanor, moving his friends to laughter. On warm, pleasant days he was allowed the liberty of the trees in the garden, thus learning that his chain might be unfastened and sometimes taking advantage of it, as once when he hied himself away to the quince tree, where, like Jack's giant, he "smelled the blood of"—not a British subject, but of true-blue American citizens in the shape of young jay-birds. On a crotch below the nest stood the big, bushy brown owl, when noise of battle brought us to the door, and above him fluttered the two old jays, squawking in wild rage and occa-

sionally snatching at his rumpled plumage or swooping before his big eyes. Freighted as he was with his chain, it would have been impossible for him to catch them, and, after submitting to their badgering for a time, during which the young ones joined their cries with those of their parents, excitedly thrusting their heads over the edge of the nest, Socrates concluded that discretion was really the better part, and beat a retreat to the ground, scudding over the grass with tucked-up feathers, as if to keep his skirts clean!

When Fritz, the canary, shook his rippling notes on the air, Socrates listened, entranced. Perhaps it was the aesthetic part of his nature; perhaps the carnal.

When the hottest days of August came, he drooped and grew moody, was cross if touched, and forgot or refused to perform his old tricks. Cool, dim woods were calling to him, and finally we set him free. Not realizing his privileges, he hung about the house for a day or two, coming when called, but finally sailed away into the campus. At intervals he returned to his window, even coming inside, and later he came at twilight and perched in the trees before the house, mewing for half an hour at a time. We thought him home-sick. After the encounter with the sparrows he returned no more, probably reserving his depredations for young wood-birds, captivity not having cured him of his cannibalistic appetite. Sparrows we would not argue about with him, but when it came to song birds, we felt inclined to administer discipline.

Young birds learn very early to fight in their own behalf their natural enemies—hawks, owls, and cats—and, following the example of their parents, will boldly pursue the would-be robber—not unsupported, however, by the parent bird, who will get behind them and shove them toward the assailant. Also the mother will fly at the enemy and back to her timid young ones again and again, as if she would say, “See how I do it!” Sometimes when she leaves them the nestlings turn and run, but the lesson is repeated until fighting tactics are thoroughly understood. In fact, nearly all birds except the dove, who always seems helpless in case of danger, will soon learn to make a vigorous fight for themselves, taught by their elders.

I witnessed an interesting skirmish that took place one summer day in an old orchard on a Massachusetts farm, between a Barred Owl and a chipmunk. The little striped fellow frisked down the trunk of an old cherry-tree and vanished into a hole in the heart of the tree. Lying immediately in front of the tree and just below the hole was an old moss-grown stump. From an adjacent tree the owl caught sight of him on the instant of his going in, and swooped like an arrow straight at the opening, alighting on the stump and peering stupidly in. Fortunately for the little animal, the hole was too small to admit his enemy, who, however, with the view of besieging, settled himself com-

placently to wait a reappearance. The chipmunk, not being able to see the owl from within, soon came stealing cautiously to the door and poked out his head. Beholding his adversary, he vanished with lightning speed. Another wait, then again out came the little brown head with the shining eyes. This time the owl made a dive, but was not so quick as the chipmunk, who was again safely hidden. After waiting a few moments, the owl flew up to the first branch of the tree above, and shortly afterward out came the chipmunk, gay and saucy. "Chee, chee, chee!" he squeaked. "Anybody here?" Apparently no one was there, so he confidently sat upright on the stump and looked about him. Finding the coast clear, he flirted up the trunk of the tree, stopping as if he had been shot when he suddenly espied the owl sitting aloft. In the twinkling of an eye he turned tail and fled downward, barely making his hiding-place when his enemy reached the door. Twice more he attempted to escape, trembling in his small doorway, looking, listening, and vanishing at the first sound of wings as the owl swooped at him again and again. Then the owl gave up pursuit and flopped away, leaving behind him a little prisoner, who dared not try to get away for fully an hour longer, and then in fear and trembling crept out, jumped to the ground, and in two or three quick springs was safe among the chinks of an old stone wall—hiding-places that defied any bird of prey that ever flew, to say nothing of a half-blinded old owl!

The little Screech Owl, of which one may see much if one lives near woods, is a sociable little bird, as are also the Saw-whet Owls, who come quite close to the house in early afternoons, almost within hand-reach of the window. They allow one to talk to them, but do not often come very close to feed while people are about.

Three young owls of this species appeared one evening directly in front of our window, sitting on a limb of the peach-tree in a funny little row, gazing complacently at the light which shone upon them, with all the appearance of having been invited to a party!

The Barn Owl is among our most beneficial owls, and shows great friendliness to our song-birds. It is not prepossessing in appearance, and has in its face the quizzical and at the same time anxious look worn by the monkey tribe, and is, indeed, from its resemblance to a monkey, called the "monkey-faced owl." One of these birds was captured this winter in the woods near here, caged, and used for window advertising in a store. Poor thing, he was very restless and looked extremely bored when he was awake, but, truth to tell, he put in most of his time sleeping, only once in a while opening on us a patronizing eye. The plumage of the Barn Owl is very striking, pale orange and white predominating and accentuated with bright reddish-brown tints.

Nesting in barn-lofts, they will in no way interfere with other bird tenants. Swallows build near them in security, and pigeons or doves

nest fearlessly. A certain Barn Owl in my neighbor's barn showed much interest in the youngsters who filled the nests adjacent to her own, walking up and down the long beams in the barn loft, and gaping down into this nest or that with curious wonder in her big blue-black eyes. That she really considered her neighbors was shown fully when on a disastrous day a shrike swooped through the wide doors and pounced upon a half-grown fledgling of the swallow tribe. The little bird cried out piteously, rousing the owl, who swept up from her own nest with a wild cry, so startling the butcher bird that it dropped the nestling and darted away—too late, however, to save its life, for the claws of the shrike had torn it badly.

The young of this curious "monkey-faced" owl are extremely beautiful, and in their nests in the hollows of trees or in barns they look like small snow-balls, their downy plumage being nearly pure white. This owl shows fine perception of domestic economy, for when the first brood have put on a moderate supply of feathers, she deposits two more eggs in the nest, the warmth from the first nestlings helping to hatch the second brood, thus giving the maternal part of the household more time to forage and for relaxation. Occasionally she adds another couple of eggs, obliging the second brood in their turn to nourish the third lot of youngsters.



### THE GENTLE ONE

BY ELSA BARKER

**N**O one would ever know from your still face  
How more than human-sweet you are! There lies  
Maybe a dreamy something in your eyes,  
A promise—like the perfume round a place  
Where roses bloom—and any eye may trace  
Your lips' love-moulded lines; but none surmise  
The mother-tenderness that sanctifies  
The man's need in your soul-diffused embrace.

O hands whose touch has all the gentleness  
Of brooding dove-wings in the mellow night!  
O mouth of blood-warm rose-leaves, whose caress  
Quivers through me in waves of vibrant light!  
Ye are as mighty as the yearning spring  
That stirs the earth to lyric blossoming.

# THE CHILD OF A WIDOW

*By Lucy Copinger*

"I LUF you, Miz Teacher, I luf you!" cried Lizzie Bureschy, first and oldest of the eight Bureschys. "I knows you is old, and you ain't my mother, but I luf you." Having thus declared her affection, she seized Miss Lucy's hand and kissed it.

Ten-year-old Lizzie had come to Miss Lucy—who was already struggling with the vacant Josef and Herman Bureschy—at the middle of the school year, when a newly enacted education law had freed the child from the charge of the continuous Bureschy baby. From that time she had grown to be the best beloved of all Miss Lucy's scholars; "Miss Lucy's angel child" she had once been called derisively by one of the teachers, and, although she was only a very human and child-like little girl, the name somehow clung.

As a rule, insufficient nourishment is not a promoter of beauty, so the countenances of Class A were usually of an ill-nourished and unhealthy ugliness. In the midst of this dearth of beauty the delicate loveliness of Lizzie Bureschy blossomed with a fineness that Miss Lucy, knowing of what stock the little maid came, found a constant wonder and delight. When Anna Karenina was especially wicked, and when the light that illumined Frederick William's mind was most showily exceeded by the shine on the end of his nose, she turned with relief to the sweet-tempered and responsive Lizzie.

Having kissed Miss Lucy's hand, Lizzie laid in it what looked like a lump of soft blacking, but in which an experienced eye would recognize as a licorice "sucker."

"I haf it for you all day in my hand," explained Lizzie, "so Josef could not lick it, and it is soft."

"Thank you, Elizabeth," said Miss Lucy, with hypocritical gratitude. Then she put her arm across the narrow shoulders, and, turning Lizzie's face up to hers, she looked into the round brown eyes.

"Lizzie," she said, "what did you have for breakfast?"

"Nothun," said Lizzie frankly. "Last night my father gits drunk, and he beats my mother, and we ain't got nuthin, and my mother gif me a cent. Ain't you going to eat it?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lucy, taking a cautious nibble of the blacking. "I love it; it's fine. And what did you have for dinner?"

"Soup," said Lizzie cheerfully. "Ain't it nice?—my mother gits a nickel, and she gits dog meat. You git a lot, and she makes soup."

Miss Lucy looked wonderingly at the clear skin that had survived a licorice and dog meat diet.

"Lizzie," she said next, "what does your father do?"

"He gits drunk," said Lizzie.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lucy; "but what else?"

"He's a smeller," said Lizzie. "He smells down at the works, and my mother she's a sweater, but she gits cut down."

Miss Lucy, remembering the gigantic steel-works of her town, understood this alleged perfuming of Mr. Bureschy's, but—"A sweater?" she repeated vaguely.

"It's in a room down-stairs," said Lizzie. "She makes pants, but she gits cut down—and my father gits drunk," she added in apathetic refrain.

"And you take care of Herman and Josef and Marie and William and Anna and Rosa?" said Miss Lucy, trying to smile. This was the inevitable trend of these after-school talks, and here was Lizzie's cue.

"But the little Ludwig," she cried reproachfully—"the little Ludwig that I luf!"

Here followed a long account of the surpassing wonders of Ludwig Bureschy, aged one, last and best loved of all Lizzie's charges—his six beautiful teeth, his delightful fondness for bacon skins, his conversational powers.

As the child talked, Miss Lucy watched her face. So many children came under the teacher's care that she seldom tried to do more than make them happy and a little clean while in her class, passing them on without great regret or more than a casual interest as to their future. But Lizzie was so neglected, so poor, so sweet, and so pretty that the young teacher often wondered sorrowfully what would become of her.

"Lizzie," Miss Lucy interrupted, "what are you going to be when you get big?"

"A teacher," said Lizzie promptly.

At this safe discrimination Miss Lucy was delighted. How like her angel child!

"How nice!" she said. "And why?"

"Miz Teacher," Lizzie explained, "onct when I was down mit Ludwig by her beer saloon and I had a fight mit Sophie Bauerschmidt, and she took his bacon what he luf and she throwed it in the gutter, and when I am a teacher I will git the pointer and efery day I will beat her and I will beat her till she is det."

At this proof of the humanness of her angel child Miss Lucy laughed. What if her fellow-members of the Society for Ethical Improvement had heard her!

"Poor Sophie!" she said, and then, suddenly remembering the demands of the little Ludwig, Lizzie was sent home.

When the next day Lizzie did not appear Miss Lucy put down her absence to the probable indisposition of the little Ludwig. A week passed before she learned that Mr. Bureschy, returning from a convivial night at the Bauerschmidt saloon, had fallen against a curbstone. He was taken to one of the settlement hospitals, and a few days later "went to his reward, leaving a sorrowing widow and eight bereft children."

The next week Herman and Josef returned to school dirtier and stupider than ever. Their sister was not coming back, was all they could say. "She had a bureau on a piece of paper, and she did n't have to come."

The mystified Miss Lucy reported the case, and a few days later the Truant Officer came to her.

"I'm afraid your angel child has flew the coop for good," he informed her. "She's working in a coat factory from seven till six, so you will please consider her education finished."

"What?" cried Miss Lucy.

"You can't do anything," the Truant Officer shrugged. "She's got a permit from the Industrial Bureau. Thanks to your special efforts, she can read and write. She's the child of a widow, and she's twelve years old, so it's all right."

"Twelve!" protested Miss Lucy indignantly. "Why, she's only ten. Her mother said so when she brought her, and I know it's so."

"Oh, yes," said the Truant Officer philosophically; "but you can't prove it. Besides, there are seven others, and they have to live."

"How calmly you take it!" snapped Miss Lucy angrily. "You know it'll kill that baby to work in a factory. What are orphan asylums for, anyhow?"

The Truant Officer smiled reminiscently. "Why don't you go to see Mrs. Bureschy and suggest that?" was his bland rejoinder.

"I will," cried the Champion, "and you see if I don't get my angel child out of that place!"

Inspired with this idea, the next day Miss Lucy hunted up the officers of the Charity Organization and wrested from them a promise of help to the extent of half of Lizzie's wages. From them she also got the name of the very nicest of all the orphan asylums. Then followed a week of hard work, for this asylum, splendid and liberal in its equipment and education, was a very exclusive one. You had to be something more than a common little orphan—indeed, you had to be an orphan with ancestors—to be admitted to it, and its doors opened grudgingly to the daughter of a "smeller" and a "sweater."

In the course of her campaign Miss Lucy visited the Home, and was delighted with the charmingly and overpoweringly maternal matron.

She also caught a glimpse into the dining hall, where sat the thirty little orphans with blue dresses all alike, and close-cropped heads, happily eating a plentiful supper of mush. Although rather startling in its convict-like effect, a practical experience of conditions existing among the coiffures of Class A allowed Miss Lucy to commend this shearing of the parentless lambs, and she returned with new enthusiasm to her beseeching of supercilious patronesses and sleek directors.

At last she succeeded, and one evening about eight o'clock she alighted from the car carrying with her the hard-won paper. She had been so busy all week that she had not had time to consult Mrs. Bureschy about her plan, but the matron had so impressed upon her the high privilege it was to be a happy little orphan in that especial Home that she pictured herself the centre of the grateful Mrs. Bureschy and the seven remaining Bureschys, all kneeling and tearfully beseeching for like favors. The thought of her pretty and much loved Lizzie freed from the dreadful factory, the dirty tenement, and the ignorant Mrs. Bureschy, hurried her along and it was with the delightful feeling of the Lady Bountiful that she ran up the dark stairs leading to the Bureschy home.

The Bureschys occupied a flat consisting of one room, a large cupboard, and a bath-tub—a relic of the old house's better days. The room was the general living-room and the sleeping place of Mrs. Bureschy and five of the children; the cupboard was the bed-room of Lizzie, Josef, and the little Ludwig; the bath-tub was the coal-bin, the wood pile, the chiffonier, and the safe deposit vault, holding, besides the coal and wood supply, both the death certificate of Mr. Bureschy and the solitary tooth-brush of all the Bureschys.

In response to Miss Lucy's knock the door was opened by Josef, who, in an ecstasy of shyness at this thrusting of pedagogical greatness upon him, immediately retired beneath the table, where Herman, Anna, William, Rosa, and Marie at once joined him. Mrs. Bureschy was sitting at a table upon which a lamp smoked out an oily odor into the air, already foul and smelling of a sausage supper. Before Mrs. Bureschy there was a pile of trousers, upon one pair of which she was sewing buttons, while at her feet, her tired head within easy reach of her mother's prodding knee, sat Lizzie, also sewing buttons. The little Ludwig, a dirty baby, was lying on the floor beside his sister, comfortably sucking a large piece of bacon skin.

Upon Miss Lucy's entrance, Mrs. Bureschy, looking as though she would like to join the recreant Josef, rose and greeted her with worried politeness. Lizzie, her heavy eyes brightening for a moment, smiled a vague welcome across her work. When you have a family to provide for, you have not much thought for the foolish gambols of the baby class, and in the month of her factory life school and Miss Lucy had

come to be a pleasant but vague dream, a part of her abruptly ended child life, and all but forgotten in the reality of her present cares.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bureschy," said Miss Lucy cheerfully, her satisfaction too complete to be chilled by this reception. "I have come to see Lizzie. She has not been at school for nearly a month, you know, and I have missed her very much."

"Yiz, miz," agreed Mrs. Bureschy politely. This mild agreement was a habit of hers, an obscure strain of Jewish blood giving her a conciliating air of deference toward life in general. Perhaps long ago, before she had left her Hungarian village home for the land of gold, Mrs. Bureschy might have been pretty, but work and Mr. Bureschy had destroyed any vestige of beauty, leaving her ugly, lean, and scrawny-necked, with a dirtiness that seemed to be rubbed in.

"Where has she been?" continued Miss Lucy diplomatically. "She was getting on so well that I don't like her to stay home."

"It iss all right, miz," said Mrs. Bureschy eagerly. "I got the ticket. Here," she said, giving Lizzie's nodding head a prod, "git ub and git the ticket."

Lizzie, thus aroused, got up and, going over to the bath-tub, drew out from a corner the child-labor permit. In it "Elizabeth Bureschy, aged twelve, being the child of a widow," was given permission to be employed.

After she had read the permit Miss Lucy pulled Lizzie to her, and, pushing back her hair, looked into her face. She saw that her month as a wage-earner had left its marks upon the face of her angel child—marks none the less sure because still light. The pink skin that had withstood a succession of licorice breakfasts had succumbed to the close air and confinement of the factory, and the round eyes were swollen and inflamed.

"It's the lint," Mrs. Bureschy explained. "She makes west pads, and it iss the lint; but she'll git used to it."

"She won't at all!" cried Miss Lucy, with a burst of sudden anger. "And you know she's not twelve; you told me she was ten."

Mrs. Bureschy extended her hands deprecatingly.

"Miz, yiz, miz," she agreed, "but she iss now twelve, miz. I told you what iss not so, but what can I do when efery year another Bureschy come?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Bureschy's dead now," said Miss Lucy, with a thoughtless consolation that she at once blushed for. However, Mrs. Bureschy had evidently wasted little time in conjugal mourning.

"Yiz, miz," she said quickly; "and it iss all there on the ticket about the child of a widow. The foreman says it iss all right."

Miss Lucy had often wondered heartlessly as to what in the general scheme of things was the good of Mr. Bureschy's drunken existence,

and in the effect of his death, upon Lizzie, she found her rebellious questioning bitterly answered. "If his special bacchanalian providence had only kept him away from that curbstone for a couple of years!" she exclaimed to herself.

Mrs. Bureschy, evidently considering this verdict of the foreman as final, grew more communicative.

"And she iss that smart!" she continued, with a touch of maternal pride. "She iss making two dollars a week already, and maybe soon she will git a machine and she will git more."

Miss Lucy turned Lizzie's face up to hers.

"Lizzie," she said coaxingly, "would n't you like to come back?"

Instead of joyfully accepting this offer, Lizzie looked disappointingly unresponsive; but she inherited her mother's desire to conciliate, and she hedged skilfully.

"Miz teacher," she reminded Miss Lucy, with a mixture of pride and appeal, "but maybe soon I gits a machine."

At this desertion of her angel child Miss Lucy let Lizzie go.

"But she's such a little child," she appealed almost tearfully to her mother, "and it's a dreadful thing to take her childhood away from her like that. Have n't you any feeling at all? You know she can't stand it!"

Mrs. Bureschy looked sullen. "Miz," she said, "I works in the basement, and I makes buttons, and sometimes when I start I makes fif dollars, but they cuts me down, efery month they cuts me down, and I can't do nothin else."

"But why don't you put them away in an asylum?" said Miss Lucy, with a sweeping gesture toward all the little Bureschys. She reflected that this was a dramatic moment to make her little speech and receive the thanks of a grateful widow. So intent was she upon her plan that she did not notice a sudden and warning gleam in the eye of the supposedly grateful widow.

"I know a beautiful place where I can get Lizzie and have her educated finely," Miss Lucy went on, "and you won't have to lose a cent." She then went into a glowing description of the enticements of the Home, from the milkiness of its mushes to the motherliness of its matron. She was so carried away by her own eloquence that she did not notice Mrs. Bureschy get up suddenly and grab the little Ludwig from the floor, who, as she talked, cheerfully and solemnly polished the end of his mother's nose with the bacon skin. If Miss Lucy had but known it, it was also a piece of bacon that, thrown by outraged motherhood at the head of the Truant Officer, had engendered his philosophy. But she did not know it, so she rambled delightedly on. It was a dreadful jolt to her when finally she stopped for breath and Mrs. Bureschy spoke.

"Git out," said the ungrateful woman.

At this Miss Lucy gasped.

"Wh-what?" she said weakly, all her eloquence knocked out of her by this succinct command.

"Git out!" repeated Mrs. Bureschy violently. "Nobody ain't going to git her away from me. Git out!"

For a moment Miss Lucy was dazed, then she thought she understood. What dreadfully mercenary creatures these women of the submerged tenth were!

"But I told you you 'll get just as much as she makes," she explained kindly, "and you 'll have one less to look out for."

"You can't take her away from me," repeated Mrs. Bureschy doggedly. The little Ludwig, having sufficiently shined his mother's nose, was now massaging her right eye, while the left glared out at Miss Lucy in an alarming manner. "I works all day, and I ain't bad, and you ain't going to git one of them away from me." Then a hard tear trickled queerly and detachedly down her greasy face, and her anger rose once more. "Git out!" she concluded.

Miss Lucy was beginning to realize that here was something primatively strong and beyond the reach of her reasonable philanthropy. The divine passion of motherhood, as represented by spiritual, clean madonnas, bending starry-eyed over equally clean babies, had always been to her a thing of worship, and it seemed almost irreverent to humanize it in this dirty Mrs. Bureschy and the greasy Ludwig. But a sense was coming to her that she had lightly and cruelly touched upon something sacred to the widowed mother. Also the gleam in Mrs. Bureschy's solitary and baleful eye made her nervous.

"I guess I had better 'git out,'" she said gracefully. "It seems most proper—and decidedly safest. I'm sorry you feel so about it," she concluded weakly. Then she stooped over Lizzie, who, the prods forgotten, had at once fallen asleep on the floor. "Good night, my poor little angel child," she said regretfully. Then, the implacable eye of Mrs. Bureschy still fixed upon her, she went out.

She went down one flight, and then in the darkness and dirt of the bottom step she sat down. In the room below she could hear thick-voiced swearing, and a woman's sobs mingling with the weak, hungry cry of a very young baby. There was something so forlorn and so weak in the baby's voice that it brought the tears to Miss Lucy's eyes. A feeling of something overwhelming and fatally inevitable swept over her, knocking down all her comfortable little altruisms, and there outside the Bureschy home she sat and dismally wept, not only for Mrs. Bureschy and Lizzie, but for the whole race of sweaters and the children of sweaters.

# THE GREAT GOD NEWS

*By Will Levington Comfort*

THE evening train of the Chinese-Eastern brought an American lady to the Rest House. The peculiarity was that she did not resume her journey the next morning, nor the next. Why any one should stay in Tienshankwan on purpose was beyond the minds of the little coterie of foreigners held there by various fortunes.

Diabling, of the American press, was the first of this little coterie to achieve the miracle of self-introduction to the strange lady. It was on her third morning in Tienshankwan, and she permitted him to walk with her out toward the Wall.

"Do you mean to stay long in Tienshankwan, Miss Quest?" he asked.

"Until it palls," she replied. "So far, I have been no more nor less than enchanted here."

"What is it you like about Tienshankwan?"

"Why, all China is here, all of the East," she replied readily, as if she had thought out the whole matter. "And it is in little bits, so that you can see it all. For instance, there is the little walled city, growing out of the Great Wall itself. You can stand up there and look at a bit of living China, all its drones and workers and sections and galleries, as if it were a glass bee-hive. Then the foreign colony is so simple but complete, each man a type, the British and French army officers, the American and other war-correspondents, the poor remittance wreck, the missionary, the continental tourist waiting for funds, the Japanese railway guards—oh, I dislike *them!*"

Diabling was startled a little. There was a speck of vehemence in the last. Of all things, the casual tourist is a worshipper of Japan and the Japanese.

He looked closely at the woman. A face of pure feminine line; a voice not only womanly, but cultured and womanly; the hand of an artist, restless and slender and pale; dark hair, impalpably fine, and blowing always; fine active nostrils; lips not so full as he should have liked, but rarely-cut; a brow that warned him not to deal with her as *mere* girls are treated; teeth of a size and setting that showed grand health; and wide-apart eyes, gray-brown eyes, large but electrically

quick to show the whole scale of expression. It was a face that you look twice at, after something has compelled you to look closely once.

"And then the Sikh infantry brings India back, and the Chinese we have always with us," she added. "Look at the fine virgin sea-beaches, too, brand new every morning from the tides and wind. Look at the Great Wall! It takes the breath out of me, Mr. Diabling. Twenty-story buildings, wireless messages, and airships are cheap beside it! When I pick up one of the stones fallen at its base—touch the hem of its garment, as it were—I feel that I can look back centuries into the youth of the world, when the Wall was building—see the men swarming like ants over the raw, half-done thing—before Christ! I feel like an upstart, too, but I love old China!"

Diabling was fascinated by the woman's mind.

"Miss Quest," he said haltingly, "you humiliate me. I should have seen all these things about Tienshankwan for myself. The trouble is, I think, that matters are going so badly for the correspondents in this Russo-Japanese war. Here I am, for instance, held here at the edge of the war-zone, because of the uncensored cable, and yet I can't get a whisper of the war to send. Sometimes I have been ready to curse God and die because I could n't get up to the front."

"But there are men up there—correspondents, I mean," she said innocently.

"Yes, and what news are they getting out?" he asked with spirit. "The colossal silence of the war-correspondents is adding to the quietude of nations. Why, those men up there in the field are just this—each a man-width in a fifty-mile battle-line! They are surrounded by smoke and human menaces to no avail. They cannot extract a word of the main strategy from the Japanese generals. Japanese officers are assigned to overhear what they say to each other. There is but one cable from the field to Tokio, and it is constantly, day and night, burning with official messages in cipher to the war-office. Even letters which the correspondents send to their wives are opened and read by these little men whom you dislike—bless you for that! Tell me, what can a man do better than staying here in Tienshankwan—or Chifu—or back in Japan, translating the native newspapers?"

She was smiling, possibly at the emotion of the man before her.

"If I were a man," she said quietly, "I should slip up to the Liao River and hire a Chinese junk to take me up towards Liaoyang. The next battle is to be fought there—everybody says. I would move nights, hide with the Chinese, until the battle—then, in the excitement, go forth and watch it, disguised in the smoke."

She laughed a little at Diabling's set face and added: "Then I should come back here to the free cable at Tienshankwan with my story. . . . But I should be lucky—if I were a man!"

"You have a mighty fine grasp on this war-game, Miss Quest," he said at length, with some embarrassment. "Moreover, you call forth a remark that would need no explanation—if you were a man! You please me. I like you!"

"Good!" she said merrily, and she straightened back her frail fine shoulders to breathe more deeply the good sea air.

Now, Diabling had told the woman that there were times when he had expired to get to the front and see action. This very thing was doubted by the correspondents who knew him in Tokio. His reasonableness as a gentleman was not doubted, nor his greatness as a newspaper man; his wonderful grasp on international affairs, nor his ability to command the highest price. The war-correspondents of the world granted unto Diabling glory in the highest as an editorial dictator; but, frankly, they were convinced that he lacked the punch and jaw and general animal, greatly to relish mingling his person with shrapnel at first hand. "He is not reinforced for brute scenes," they said.

These views were augmented one night in the billiard-room of the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, when Diabling expressed himself as follows:

"A correspondent in this day and age cannot cover a war for a newspaper by dangling his body in some dirty area of fire between two obscure lines. A man might as well tie his fortunes to some poor pawn in a chess-game. And say, what is the Japanese war-office across the square giving out to us these days? Not a whiff of value, and these are mere preparation days! Do you think the various field-headquarters—if you ever get into the field—will whisper to-day's defeat or to-morrow's strategy? Why, if they did, your cables would carry it around the world to the enemy *a mile away*—in six hours!"

Had an unnamed cub-reporter offered these remarks, he would have been deported, steerage, to the last and loneliest isle; but from Diabling, a man of age and fame, the words were tolerated by the masters of many services who had consorted with generals and discussed the dawn's forlorn hope in shell-swept tents.

Diabling was a medium-sized man, past thirty, unscarred, unmarried, credited with acumen, flying and submarine. His Tokio days in April have been outlined; August in Tienshankwan touched upon. One woman, not a large woman, had caused him to vent a wish that he might get to the front of a fifty-mile battle-line. Either he had lied to her, which would make him a very weak and wicked individual; or else She and Tienshankwan had altered his convictions, against which the Hosts of the Lord had flung themselves in vain.

On the fourth morning of her stay in Tienshankwan, Diabling sought Miss Quest yet again. He looked at her profile, as they walked out together in the morning light, and he found that he had not dreamed

the previous afternoon and night away. She was rare and fair and mysteriously wise to look upon.

"I felt that I must walk with you again this morning, Miss Quest," he said, as they threaded the burial mounds which arose like petty corruptions of earth along the city wall.

"I was hoping you would," she replied.

"But before I talk any more," he observed half-humorously, "would you mind telling me if you are a Russian nihilist, a Japanese secret-agent, or just a young woman of prodigious information, touring the world? The more I think of what you said yesterday, the stranger it seems that you should be able to tell me what to do——"

She halted and stepped aside to laugh at him blithely. "'I am what I am,' as the Hindoos say," she observed.

"Wonderful to me, at any rate," he finished.

That night he sat in his room. Nothing appealed to him as being more remotely childish than the usual recreations of billiards, a stimulant or two, and a magazine. He forgot to smoke, forgot to light the Rest House lamp. He thought about the woman, stayed awake to recall her phases. Finally he began to plot a sudden way to her heart. The fruit thereof fell ripe at day-break:

"I shall go up into the war-muck."

Thereupon he cabled the decision to his paper, observing to himself, as he left the cable-office, that the editors across the world were too busy electing a President to take notice.

"By the way, Miss Quest," he said that afternoon, when they were well out of hearing of the Rest House porch, "I've decided to take a 'look-see' at Liaoyang."

She glanced at him in a quick startled way, saying, "But it may be a lot harder to get to the front—than we talked about!"

He looked at her studingly. The warning tone of her words suggested an intimate knowledge of the topography of the war-country and of military affairs in general.

"But would n't it be splendid," she hastened to add, "if you could slip in and get the story of Liaoyang, and bring it back here safely to the free cable?"

"It would," said Diabling gravely. "The Great God News is a wonderful god."

"But think of the danger——"

"Physical heroism is cheap, Miss Quest—the cheapest utility of the nations. This is mighty pitiful to me," he went on, suppressing the violence from his words. "I have always said and written that a war-correspondent cannot do a battle-classic for his cable-editor, simply because he exposes his body to fire. The maker of the war classic must

catch a conception of the whole land and sea array, and have an inner force of his own to make his lines and sentences shine."

"But suppose he has all that, and then goes to the heart of the thing!"—her voice became intense. "Suppose he sees the very points of a collision—poor brave brutes coming together to die!"

"I am going up to Liaoyang—for that—yes, that is just it!" Diabling returned, in a strange, slow way. "And yet I should like to know—that you will be here when I come back."

Faint rarities of color suffused her skin. She braved the surprise, but punished him a little in the one word:

"Why?"

"Because I love to walk with you. I don't want to appear impulsive or ridiculous, but these three days have made me think a great deal. They have sort of restored my soul. . . . I want you to know, Miss Quest, that mine has always been a brain-fight—for thirty-three years a brain-fight—and I think a clean one. A woman has never complicated nor compelled an instant of it—before."

She stepped aside and faced him. "If I were a man," said she mirthfully, "I should return your next favor of a day or so ago, by saying now—I like you, Mr. Diabling!"

"And will you wait until I come?" he said.

"I cannot promise that," she answered. "There are outer conditions, but if I follow my own wish,—I shall be here when you come back."

That night he should have slept hard and long in preparation for the great tasks ahead, but the lover in the man, so newly roused, rioted over his consciousness with dancing and loud cymbals. Instead of catching a doze, here and there, the next day, in the heat and dust of a railroad journey over the interminable Manchurian levels, this Diabling who made a business of telling nations how to conduct themselves brooded upon the marvellous drama of a woman's face.

In the evening he reached Shenkau, on the southern banks of the Liao River. Civil passports would take him no further. Across the river was Wang-cheng, formerly a Russian headquarters, now a Japanese base—a buckle of the inner war-belt. American and other correspondents were there, old Tokio friends, but Diabling had no intention of renewing acquaintances. It was his purpose to touch the opposite shore forty miles higher up the river, at Liaoyang, where the vast herds of cannon-meat were mobilizing.

He spent the night at a dirty Chinese inn at Shenkau, and the next morning he stepped innocently into a Chinese junk, showed a handful of *taels*, and pointed up the river. The Chinese thought he wanted to cross, and were quite willing to deliver him into the hands of the Japanese sentries on the opposite shore—for money. The stream was

a mile wide at this point and the current was almost a rapids, but a stiff hot breeze was blowing against it. In the centre, Diabling again pointed up-stream. The Chinese demurred. There were only two of them. Diabling showed more money. The course of the junk was not changed. Thereupon, the American uncovered a six-shooter, man's size and brightly new, which he had not yet fired. The Chinese considered spiritedly, and the craft was turned up with the wind.

Correspondents at Wang-cheng, some of them consumed with a passion of recklessness, had contemplated this step, but only one had dared. This was Butzel, who had started up the river three days before. Butzel knew the river, the river-pirates, and the red-beard bandits, made daring by the war; moreover, he planned his coup in all coolness and craft. . . . Wang-cheng had not heard the news; certainly Diabling had not, but back in America and London the death of the brave war-scribe was being deplored in the press. Diabling, who knew little of the bandit-scourge of Manchuria and nothing of war at first hand, was on the same trail. But the present God of Diabling was a potent and Laughing God.

Two precautions saved his life. He prevented the Chinese from approaching even within hailing distance of any other craft on the river, and he remained awake throughout the day and night. In the hot red dawn, he beheld the Japanese bivouac, a crowded valley stretching away miles to the right in the fast-lifting gloom. The sight clutched his very soul—leagues of uprising men, the faint smell of wood-smoke and trampled turf, the gray walls of Liaoyang, over the reddened hills. Crazily he commanded the Chinese to the bank, and they put him ashore, under protest, in the very lines of the Japanese.

Sentries covered him before he had touched the land. The junk, too, was held. Diabling was bundled forward under a guard of two men. They passed into the main camp, and through lines of infantry, the American swallowing Failure as he walked. He would be taken far to the rear, a prisoner, that was plain; plain, too, that he would miss the battle and go back to Tienshankwan without a look in his eyes to conquer the woman.

The soldiers were eating rice and drinking tea from little bowls; some were bathing, others cleansing their teeth with great zeal, using pointed sticks and lotions. They meant to be gathered unto their fathers that day with clean mouths. And, suddenly, as they made their way, certain orders went ripping down the unformed lines and action was called for. One of Diabling's guards was swept away in the torrent of men that poured over them; but the other held grimly to his arm. The soldiers ran forward, just as they were, with eating-sticks and bowls and paper napkins. Diabling saw one stuffing the con-

tents of a dish of rice and curry into his mouth as he ran, a ten-pound rifle clapped between his elbow and ribs.

The American loved the human atoms hurtling past, loved the guard who gripped his arm. The majesty of it all was upon him—the greatness of the little brown soldiers, the greatness of the gamble on that gorgeous morning for the old gray walls of Liaoyang. "War is grand and tremendous and final," he apostrophised, "but it is a rotten imposition upon you poor little obscure men! You will fight until you die, bleed your lives away in the bursting heat—all for an abstraction! Man for man, you are greater than the principality and power you serve! . . . Think of it," he finished, chuckling. "I'm doing editorials for nothing!"

There was a volley from the enemy, and then continuous fire. The marvel of it entered into the American. Now and then a Japanese in front of him fell. Smoke was crowding out the distances. The avalanche of men had passed. Diabling's guard held him fixed where they were. The American perceived that they had reached the field headquarters of some general who was too busy to bother with his case just now. Aides and orderlies were spurring out from a common centre; others riding in took their places. Always the little chief, whoever he was, stood in a thick protecting cordon of men; and eternal above the fire was the screaming of trumpets.

The long *pi-n-n-n-g* of the high bullets was a constant singing in the air; and the instant *bz-r-p* of the close ones. Some one had told him in Tokio that you never hear the ball that hits you. Diabling was distantly pleased with himself to find that he, personally, was unafraid.

He was weary unto fever, and so hungry that he had picked up a dried fish from the ground and munched it, under the grin of his guard. Indeed, his moderate life had been so shocked by late denials of food and sleep, that his brain seemed to hold itself aloof from the carcass of him, the better to grasp and synthesize the immense actions of the present.

And God! how he was seeing! Diabling sensed vaguely that the thing was going on for miles and miles. The smoke blurred all but a finger-bone of the valley; yet from the part he could reconstruct the whole horrid skeleton of twentieth-century crime. The land descended slightly from the place where he stood at the headquarters of the left wing; then rose evenly to the Russian outworks two hundred yards away. There were no barb-wire entanglements, no pitfalls, no underbrush nor trees. The luck of the American had made it so.

The black line of Japanese rolled up against the works. Diabling could think only of his own baby soldiers, heads bent forward, legs working, and guns of *papier mache* in bayonet charge. The black line was thinned. The Russian embankments wore a white ruff of

smoke, the lace of which was swept by stray winds down over the fallen.

The grip of his guard relaxed. Diabling thought he had been hit, as the blood rushed down his arm where the tightened fingers had been. The realization that he was free came slowly, and with it a pang at the cost. The wriggling legs of the fallen guard were beating against his own. Diabling looked down at the face upon the ground.

It was brown, Oriental. In the corner of the mouth was a flake of rice, and the coarse-grained dust of Manchuria was over all. The eyes were turned back and the ears were bad, criminal ears, thick, small, close to the skull; but the mouth was beautiful! It was carved as if some god had done it on a fine morning when joy was abroad on this little earth, and the perfection of the human mouth was the theme of the day.

Diabling bent down. He had not water nor whiskey to give, but he said: "Hello!"

Deep understanding came to him from the dying face. The American saw what it meant to the Japanese boy to go out for his Emperor, saw the faith and glory of it all. It was the face of a man who comes home after years of travail to the marvel of a loved woman's arms.

"Sayonara," the fine lips uttered.

"Sayonara," Diabling repeated. . . . The word brought him back to a night in Tokio—a banquet at the Oakleaf Club, tendered to the correspondents by certain distinguished Japanese. In response to a toast—it was the eve of departure for many—old Strong of the *Sentinel* had said that *Sayonara*, as the Japanese uttered it, meaning "Good-by," was the sweetest and saddest word of human speech.

The body jerked itself out, but the smile remained. The whole story of the Japanese conquest boomed in Diabling's brain from that one perishable portrait of joy.

The sun sent streamers into the white smoke drapery upon the Russian bank. The Island men were thrashing against it. Guns spurted continuously from the ledge, and the Japanese met the fire with their breasts. One man out of a company lived to gain the top of the trench. He was skewered on Russian bayonets and shaken down among his writhing fellow-soldiers, as the wing of a chicken is served upon a waiting plate.

But the Island hope was higher than these things. It was a glad morning to the Japanese, a bright task. Another company, full quota, was shot forward to tread upon their dead, and beat itself against the intrenchments. A third torrent was rolled upward before the second had suffered a complete blood-letting. . . . Diabling saw one five-foot demon wielding his rifle-butt upon the rim of the trench in the midst of gray Russian giants. For an instant he was a human holocaust—that Jap—then he was sucked down into the trench and stilled.

Diabling wondered if they completely wiped out the little man's smile at the last.

The American himself was hit twice; his left legging torn and bloody; his left arm shattered. The sleeve was filled with stickiness and heat. His stomach rebelled and his brain was prone to grope away from the heart of things; still he missed little of the great scene which unfolded in flashes of glory and horror; and at steady intervals, as a chorus breaks a splendid lyric, the mind of the man picked up the memory of the woman in Tienshankwan, fondled it, and treasured it away once more. He opened his legging, twisted it a bit, stuffed his handkerchief against the wound and fastened the buckle again. With his teeth and right hand, he drew his necktie desperately tight above the wound in his left arm.

After that he lay upon the ground beside the dead guard. Voices reached him from the right—voices of command. The human shield of aides parted for an instant, and he saw the little man of the eagles—the general commanding the left wing!

It was Noku, whom he had met on the night of the Oakleaf banquet, on the night of *Sayonara*—Noku, who was very close to white in color, who looked like an assistant rector of an Episcopal church, with a face mild unto failure and a manner sweetly polite. Here was Noku coiling up his companies to meet death against a wall that Napoleon would have called impregnable.

Diabling rubbed the turf into his face with his good hand—it was a rattled, ostrich notion to cover his color—and watched Noku, unparalleled profligate of men! . . . The general's voice was quiet as a mystic's prayer. He seemed absolutely joyless in the fact that his aides spared *him* from the rifle-fire; and yet he seemed to hold also the thought that his Emperor needed *him* alive! It was as if he were sorrowful, but patient withal, inasmuch that his rank denied him the boon of his men—death for Japan!

Meanwhile Noku slew his hundreds and his thousands—this little placid deacon person. The thought came to Diabling on his stomach in the smoke that the women of America would tear down the Capitol at Washington with their hands if the stones contained a monster who had spent the blood of their sons and lovers as Noku was doing now.

A new sound in the air! It was like an instant horrid crash of drums in the midst of a violin solo. The Russian artillery was placed at last and roared its discord over the rifle-fire. Russian glasses had found the heart of the left wing—Noku and his aides—and the valley rained shrapnel splinters.

The wildest dream of hell was on. Diabling, crawling back through the carnage, saw Noku and his staff smashed as a cue-ball smashes a fifteen block in pool. . . . Back through the sunlit, smoke-smeared

pandemonium he made his way, his mind alive with horrible sounds and images, songs, smiles, the groans of unconscious flesh whose souls were breaking away, the screaming of cold trumpets and the hot response of men! And he saw the blood-wet soil (this wounded American, obsessed for the day by some cool devil) and the quivering parts of men, which strewed the ground. His brain was filled with glory and strategy, and one crowning dream of a woman and a cable!

Shivering and snorting in the smoke, stood a saddled horse. The coolie who had held the mount was dead and trampled. Diabling gained the saddle. He had learned to ride in a riding-school—short stirrup, bob-bob. A brown hand grasped the bridle-rein as he turned toward the river. Diabling leaned down toward the face in the smoke and crashed his right fist into it.

His smoke and dirt-stained face, and the Japanese letters on his saddle-housing, saved him at a gallop. He reached the river, and found that the Japanese outposts had been pulled in by the battle; also that the Chinese junks had winded far out of the periphery of the same; so he turned south toward Wang-cheng, and permitted his beast to spend all the innate badness and toughness that he pleased, in a race with his shadow along the river road.

Three hours of furious riding before he found a junk moored in the wilderness of the river. Yellow babes were playing like little cinnamon cubs on the shore. Two women were cooking rice and fish; two men were asleep on the sheets. Diabling slid off his mount and boarded his barge with a lordly limp. The babes were caught up and hidden in the hold; the men began to converse in many keys; the junk was cast off and crawled down with the stream.

Considering the ride, Shenkau could not have been more than fifteen or eighteen miles away. It was only an hour past noon. With a three-mile current, Diabling planned to catch the evening train for Tienshankwan at eight in Shenkau. Already, the day was so interminable, the battle seemed as yesterday. In the centre of the current, the American ate rice with fish-dressing, bowl after bowl, at a Chinese dollar each, his own price. Drowsiness came afterward in whirlwinds and avalanches, but he dared not lose his grip, and sat in the stern with one eye cocked open like a stuffed bird's, his brain a blank to all save one sentence, "To sleep is to die, and be added unto the mysteries of a dirty river." Sometimes he sang it. The Chinese thought him mad, but he kept them warm with large silver *taels* of the realm, and kept them good with his pretty new gun.

Shenkau at seven in the August dusk! Dazed with pain and wounded like one of the French Old Guards, Diabling ate again at the foul Chinese place and boarded the train at eight with a basket of

champagne, his only luggage. To the Chinese train-guard, he gave many pieces of silver, demanding to be called at eleven. Then straight-way he sank into a brand of sleep, not to be conceived by one who has not spent every ounce of tissue, brain, and blood, that a man can spend and live.

It was twenty minutes past eleven before the Chinese guard succeeded in pulling Diabling back to the horrid agony of living. He seemed yet dead in parts, his brain untenable, his hands fumbling and unsensitive. For the first time in his life, the American invested himself with wine to recapture his mind. In a half hour, he was a white man again, one whose pain could be borne and whose brain was unfolding the pictures of yesterday. The wine brimmed in his veins and his pencil began to cover vast areas of white paper.

The train neared the Great Wall in the dawn. Utterly gone now was the correspondent's capacity to express or thrill at a thought. Reel after reel of films which his brain caught in the battle had been redone in pencil. The thick bundle of white sheets clutched in his hand held them all. . . . The train passed through the break in the Wall and the dawn came in fresh from the Sea. . . . Here was the woman and the free cable. The victory already won seemed cheap to him; the winning of the woman was a braver, finer thing.

He was quite conscious, yet his mind was tinged with dreams. . . . He wanted the woman's arms now; wanted her to whisper and love and pet him back to life. This seemed a primal instinct of the wounded man. Thirty-three years of brain-culture and arrogant bachelorhood had not killed it. . . . Yet he remembered that the woman was not won; that he had not known her a week; that he did not know her first name.

Huts and burial-mounds of Tienshankwan (among which they had walked together) loomed dull in the dawn-gloom, as the train slowed up. Diabling drank the last of the wine, and the vagaries crept farther back in his brain. The Chinese guard half-carried him out of the coach, and in the gray-white light before the station, he saw the woman running toward him.

"Hello!" he said.

She peered into his face and unbuttoned his coat with lightning fingers, dreading to find a wound in the breast. The Chinese pointed to the American's arm and the bulged legging; also to the bundle of copy in Diabling's hand, making her understand that he had been exhausted from the loss of blood and sleep, when he took the train at Shenkau, and that he had written all night. She pressed Diabling's good arm with a quick catch of breath, and helped the Chinese to bear him to the Rest House.

"Oh, Lady, Lady, I've had a good time!" he muttered. "You and the battle were big to me!"

In his room at the Rest House, Diabling was propped up on his right elbow, staring at her hungrily. A Chinese physician came; also the surgeon from the British garrison. They were forced to wait in the hall.

"Possibly I should n't have died if I had failed to find you here," he said gravely, "but I should have wanted to. It has got to be a big thing to me—you!"

"But we can talk again, Mr. Diabling," she said with nervous haste. "I want the doctors to come in now and take care of you."

"Sit still and listen," he commanded. "I figured it all out going up to Shenkau. I was an idiot not to see it before. You're a newspaper woman—are n't you?"

"Yes—of London."

Diabling sighed. His lips twitched pitifully. "I want you to take this story," he said, putting the copy into her hands. "It's a big story and a sweet one—but out of my line. You made me do it. For you I did it. Because of you, I did it well. It's yours. You've got the world beat at least a week. File it to your own paper this morning—in the third person. They'll have the main strategy and topography in your London office by this time from Tokio. I've allowed for that. This covers Noku and the left wing and some of his assaults. It tells how I saw Noku killed—how he went up in shrapnel and could n't be gathered together. . . . Forgive me for being so dirty to look at, and God love you!"

She held the copy eagerly, bent over him, and smiled; then stepped quickly to the door. "It was very dear of you to think of it," she said, "and I'll file the story. The doctors must come in now. When they are through you must sleep—and sleep!"

Indistinctly, he recalls being tortured for an hour with cleansings and dressings and broths, after which he sank into the bottom of the sea of sleep. Another morning was brightly abroad when he fully awoke. A vague remnant of the triumph was in his brain. His voice sounded weak and unfamiliar when he called for the woman. The missionary, a patient and well-beloved man, was watching at his bedside.

"She was here to inquire about you a little ago," the missionary said. "She was just walking out to the Wall. I'll have one of the Chinese boys go out and hail her. . . . There are cablegrams for you, Mr. Diabling."

The first he opened mystified him completely. It was from a London daily, congratulating him upon his Liaoyang coup, and asking him to send an additional story at the rate of twenty pounds the hundred words. A similar offer from Paris, Chicago, and a New

York rival hurled him farther into the dark. The last cablegram cleared all. It was from his own paper, and read:

Thank you for brilliant achievement and splendid story. Heaven heal your wounds quickly.

Diabling sank back among the pillows. First his eyes smarted, and then grew wet—a thing that had not happened for many years.

"It is very wonderful," the missionary said quietly. "I did not think that a mere worldly achievement could be so appealing."

"Nor I," said Diabling.

Miss Quest entered. The gentle missionary withdrew and shut the door. The woman was fresh as the morning and as fair.

"Ah, Lady, you did n't do as I said," he began brokenly.

She scanned the cables, her gray eyes joyously bright; and she pressed his good hand warmly.

"Until I studied these, I thought you had filed the story to your paper instead of mine. . . . Why would n't you take a gift from me?" he faltered.

"Do you think I would do such a thing—just because I am a woman—take your blood-bought work for my own? Why, if a man did a thing like that, he would be the vilest thief of our craft."

Every turn of her eyes and utterance of her lips had come to be a marvel to the poor man. "But don't you see that it is different with you?" he pleaded. "Why, it would be the rarest hour to me—infinitely finer than all these cables to the heart of a newspaper man—to give you—you—the fruits of that forenoon before Liaoyang! . . . And then it was you who made me go—don't you see?"

"Why did I make you go?" she asked quickly. "All that I said, you knew far better than I."

"Ah, but you struck deep, Lady. I went out there for you. I had to find out if I was red-blooded enough to face guns and grin. I could n't go on walking with you mornings until I was sure of that. . . . How could I look into gray eyes like yours—with honor—until I found out that I was *not* a physical coward?"

She was freshening his pillows just then and did not answer.

Three weeks later they sat down together upon a large block of stone which had fallen from the upper masonry of the Wall.

"But what makes you so restless about me?" she whispered.

He leaned back and puffed his cigar luxuriously. "This Wall has been standing pretty long already. How do I know it is n't to fall on you this minute? Certainly I'm restless."

Long silence. . . . "They say that the two armies are mobiliz-

ing along the Shahke River," she remarked, "and that another battle will soon be fought in front of Mukden. Would n't it be grand——"

"My arm pains dreadfully," he interrupted. "Would you mind if I rested it upon your lap—so? . . . Thank you, that's much better. What did you say about armies?"

"I say, would n't it be grand to witness the next battle at Mukden?"

"Yes," he observed. "I've just about figured out when to start. You see, I want the exact moment—as at Liaoyang."

She bent her head forward swiftly close to his. "John Diabling," she said, low but vehemently, "I would n't let you go to Mukden, as you went to Liaoyang—no, not if they carved your name on abbey-stones!"

"Oh, well, battles are all alike," he said carelessly. "Same as circuses. See one—see 'em all. . . . Oh, say, don't joggle my arm, but look like that again! It makes me feel as if I had just bought the earth and given it to the poor."

So they played away the endless afternoons of Tienshankwan.



### A LULLABY

BY AMY CHURCHILL

THE sunbeams are kissing each other good-night;  
Hush thee, my little one, hush.

The flowers are closing their peepers up tight;  
Hush thee, my little one, hush.

Now draw close the shutters across thy blue eyes;  
The loved queen of Nodland awaits her sweet prize,  
And fairies stand ready to carry thee o'er  
The meadows that stretch to the far, silent shore.

Hush thee, my little one, hush.

The golden head nestles on mother's warm breast;  
Baby is almost asleep.

A wee little bird flutters home to its nest;  
Baby is almost asleep.

How gently, how fast, fall the deep twilight shades  
O'er sea and o'er land, o'er hills and o'er glades!

How softly the moon sheds its silvery beams  
On Slumberland's walls and its cities of dreams!

Baby is fast, fast asleep.

# THE DISAFFECTION OF ADELAIDE

*By Laura Simmons*

“**W**HAT deucedly good luck!” I had slipped into the only vacant seat in the fast-moving express and found myself at Rosalie’s side. “Please take me along!” I pleaded. “I’ll go anywhere you say. Don’t shake me off. I’m going, any way—since you press me so hard,” I added satirically, for my beloved’s expression was none too cordial.

“What’s the matter?” I demanded. “Still grumbling about Adelaide? I’ll wager you are going out there to call this morning. Me, too; so glad I happened along!”

“I suppose”—Rosalie punctuated her remarks by wrathful, futile little tugs at her small, mouse-gray gloves as she jerked out the words—“I suppose I am expected to call sooner or later. She’s been married over a year now, so I may as well have it over with. But I don’t pretend to have forgiven her. Of course we shall hear that she’s been rapturously happy, buried in that impossible little village, with her aesthetic housekeeping and absurd ideals as the wife of a struggling professor. That brilliant, wonderful woman! I confess I’ve never quite recovered from the shock!”

“Don’t take it so hard, dear” (having proposed to Rosalie regularly once a week since New Year’s, I feel privileged about the “dear”). “Why should n’t a woman marry if she likes? And Adelaide was certainly a beauty, in spite of her Ph.D. I remember that she wore something pink at the Scientist’s Reception last year—something all soft and messy and chiffony—you’d never have dreamed that she was an Egyptologist. Besides, one could n’t expect a woman as charming as she to remain single forever.” I sighed plaintively, and stole a glance sidewise to see whether my shot had taken effect.

Never was more dismal failure. Rosalie’s expression was most discouraging, and her lovely nose was tilted to an alarming angle.

“Never mind Adelaide,” I hastened to add, tenderly. “Just permit a poor inferior being to tell you how cruelly, heartlessly lovely you are looking to-day in that yellow—no, drab—er—yes, drab affair—”

"This drab affair," interposed my lady, in chilling tones, "is an oyster gray crepon, combined with val."

"Val?" I repeated wistfully. "And what's val? Really, Rosalie, I think you might explain some of these mysterious terms. When a fellow has been up half the night grinding away over Blackstone, and is crammed full of Torts and Mortgages and things like that, a little more knowledge can't possibly injure him. And I have a morbid yearning to learn about val."

"Such a future before her! Such glorious promise! Oh, it is positively tragic!" Rosalie's exasperation seemed to attain a climax as we alighted at the pretty rural station and looked about us, before wending our way up the solitary village street. "An authority on everything Egyptian, too! Could tell you all about the Ptolemys, and hieroglyphics, and—and cuneiforms—and things nobody else ever knows anything about—"

"Or cares, either. Say, Rosie, there's that little gold-dust curl again, just over your left ear—"

"And we were to have a lecture-course from her this very fall! And now to think how she has slumped, become lost in the crowd, and doing just nothing after all!"

"Sh-h! It's the next house!" We found ourselves approaching a quaint but most attractive little cottage, which, as we simultaneously observed, looked exactly like Adelaide.

"She always did have a knack with flowers," admitted Rosalie tentatively, as we paused to inspect the wonders of the midsummer garden—the flame of poppies along the walk, and the ethereal pinks and impassioned purples of the morning-glories, as they mounted ambitiously above the trellis-work of the broad piazza.

"What a kaleidoscopic retreat!" I cried admiringly. "Have n't I always told you, Rosie girl, that there are infinite possibilities in any spot—even in a suburban village, where every prospect pleases, and only man is artificial? Now, don't you fancy that you and I can find just another such a cozy bungalow hereabouts—"

"Jimmy!"

I had known beforehand that she would say exactly that, in exactly that way. I turned up my coat-collar and shivered resignedly.

You could see that poor Rosalie's outraged spirit still struggled for expression, even up to the very gates of the house. Her tragedy-queen gesture had all the effect of a personal grievance against everything in sight—the pretty porch, the smiling posies all about us, the whole charming and tasteful *ensemble*, bespeaking culture and every refinement of modern living.

"Can it be wondered that I become enraged at the whole matrimonial proposition, when I see so grand a woman deliberately re-

nouncing such a career? And for what? Just answer me that!" and my adored one's blue willow-feathers shook so truculently as to loosen the two tiny gold-dust curls just over her left ear. They always escape like that when she is excited, and I always yearn to put them back. And then immediately I want to see them loose again.

"Great Scott, Rosalie! don't glare at me in that awful manner! It is n't my fault. And no doubt she's perfectly satisfied. Ha! sofa pillows!" as my exultant glance took in the long, low windows of the veranda, thickly stuffed with cushions of a delightfully lurid and melodramatic variety. "If sofa pillows be one of the baneful results of matrimony—" I chuckled; but my sinful mirth was promptly subdued into a respectful silence.

"Spare me the masculine view of a woman's career! Her higher education, college degrees, foreign travel, brilliant lectures, and magazine essays—what are these to be compared with her domestic virtues, and the allurements of a suburban cottage, with morning-glories rioting about the piazza—"

"And sofa pillows, Rosie! Whole prisms of 'em!" I entreated.

"Oh, but it makes me fairly desperate! To think of the wicked sacrifice—the injustice of it all!"

There was such a convincing ring of actual anguish in Rosalie's voice that I hastened to repress the facetious rejoinder I was sorely tempted to make.

The sight of the hall door standing ajar suddenly inspired me with a glittering idea.

"I say, Rosie," I whispered, "let's step inside and surprise her. You can do your scolding afterward. Just see how easy!" and quite noiselessly we tiptoed into a large, cozy apartment, which, while not exactly a hall, was not yet a drawing-room; but rather the two combined in a charmingly hospitable and unconventional fashion.

From upstairs a gentle murmur of voices floated down to us. We looked at one another guiltily, and waited, apprehensive as criminals, for something to happen.

It happened. From somewhere right beside us in the room there suddenly arose the softest, queerest little sound,—a cooing, appealing, helpless cry, like nothing else in all this big, callous, sinful world. Rosalie and I stood petrified—our startled gaze directed to a deep white crib over in the corner, from whose multitudinous wrappings the peculiar disturbance seemed to emanate. As we looked, a vigorous wee pink fist waved joyously in the air—this phenomenon being followed by tiny pink toes wriggling strenuously at the surrounding atmosphere. Then more coos, and gurgles, and grunts of deep contentment.

I remember nothing so distinctly as my dear girl's face; how the

color stricken out of it in that first instant of bewilderment came rushing back in a glorious crimson flood, as with a faint sob she tottered over and sank upon her knees—my haughty Rosalie!—beside that blessed kid.

"Rosie—belovedest!"

But, great Jupiter! how can a fellow say things to a girl who shows only the edge of a hot red cheek, wet with tears, while her arms are hugged tight about an absurd bundle of lace and silk fixings and ribbon bows? Ah me! I had thought I had loved her before, but now! Something tugged wildly at my stupid masculine heart, and I could only look on in silent, helpless adoration.

"Oh, Jimmy," she quavered ecstatically, "is n't he just too lovely? Look—real hair! Oh-h! And the cutest little finger nails! See, Jimmy! You *must* see! Are n't they simply too perfectly dear for words!"

Being a wise as well as a patient man, I let her grab my coat-sleeve in her excitement and weep softly upon my nigh shoulder.

The little gold-dust curls were so near, and my desire to sympathize was so intense, that I kissed them in a fatherly sort of way several times in succession before I made reply.

"Rosalie," I declared solemnly, "you are right; you are always right. They are, as you say—simply too perfectly dear for words!"



## THE END OF THE ROAD

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

**W**HAT will I find at the end of the road?  
Faith, I cannot tell!  
But I know my shoulders will miss the load  
They have borne, or ill, or well.

What will I find at the end of the road?  
Better I should not know;  
But my back will miss the whip and goad  
On the new way which I go.

Will I find sweet rest? Ah, yes! I know  
The Master will grant me this;  
And I pray, dear heart, your face will show  
Me the path to the plains of bliss!

## ZELPHINE IN WARWICK-SHIRE

*By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton*

WARWICK, July 22nd.

**D**EAR MARGARET: We have changed all of our plans, which you and I once decided was the most congenial occupation of a traveller, and we are indulging in what the English call "bad geography." Instead of going directly from Keighley to York, we suddenly decided to turn our faces southward while the weather is so cool, returning to the North country in August.

Here we are established in a fairly comfortable place near the castle of the old King-maker, after spending a night in a quite impossible inn that was recommended to us as perfectly delightful. At the first place that we essayed, also highly recommended and a temperance hotel at that, the manager was so under the influence of one or more of his tabooed beverages that it was all that he could do to keep his balance while he talked to us. As this is our second experience of the sort, we have added an emphatic note to our list of don'ts: Don't ever try a temperance hotel under any consideration whatever.

As we were wandering about the streets this morning, feeling homeless and houseless in this strange town, having sent our luggage to the railway station and not yet having secured an abiding place, we suddenly found ourselves at the entrance of the Church of St. Mary. After surveying its several objects of interest, we turned our steps towards the magnificent Beauchamp Chapel, which you and I enjoyed so much one rainy morning eight years ago. You will remember the tomb of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the founder.

The tomb of Robert Dudley and his second wife is quite near, very ornate, as you may remember, but much less beautiful than that of Richard Beauchamp, with a massive superstructure and under it a semicircular recess which contains a long Latin inscription. Here lies the once powerful Leicester, with all his honors, titles, and armorial bearings emblazoned upon his tomb, surrounded by small figures representing the virtues, and, quite as appropriate, the motto, "*Droit et loyal.*"

I remember how indignant you were at the thought of the noble Lady Lettice lying here in this gorgeous tomb beside her Lord, while the disowned and rejected Amy Robsart, quite as truly Lady Dudley, lies unhonored beneath the chancel of St. Mary's Church in Oxford. It is some satisfaction to know that the rich and tasteless monument was erected by the excellent and pious Lady Lettice herself, who survived her husband by many years, and also that one has to come to Warwick to be reminded that such a person existed, while, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, the beauty and the sorrows of the Ladye Amye Dudley are known wherever the English language is spoken.

We were reading the Latin inscription on the recess back of the tomb and trying to identify the several virtues that adorned the canopy, when a familiar voice behind us exclaimed: "All of the virtues indeed! If the Earl of Leicester possessed the virtues, I should like to know where the vices are to be found!" We turned, to find Miss Cassandra West, the delightful Philadelphia Quakeress whom we met in Canterbury, standing behind us with her niece, Miss Mott. Nothing could have been more opportune, for, aside from our genuine liking for Miss West, she proved to be the proverbial "lady from Philadelphia" and equal to any emergency. She not only provided us with accommodations in the hotel in which she was stopping, but she made up our minds for us as well, a really valuable service to a traveller and a great saving of time. We had not been able to decide whether we should devote this brilliantly beautiful day to Kenilworth or to Stratford. So few perfectly clear days have fallen to our lot of late that Walter declares that when we have one it goes to our heads like champagne and confuses us, and here was dear Miss West coming to our rescue with a carriage and a well arranged plan for a morning at Kenilworth.

Like fair Melrose, Kenilworth, to be seen aright, should be visited by the pale moonlight; but even in the garish light of day the castle lends itself to the history and romance that are inseparably associated with its ruinous chambers and massive ivy-grown walls.

Having entered through Leicester's Gate-house and passed on by the Norman keep, we crossed the ancient kitchen in which feasts were prepared for Queen Elizabeth and her retinue, and on to the great banqueting hall in which they were served. This noble hall with its two beautiful, almost perfect oriel windows, was built by John of Gaunt, "the time-honored Lancaster." Quite near is the Strong Tower or Mervyn's Tower, whose small octagonal room on the second floor is still to be reached by a narrow winding stone stairway. It was in this room that Sir Walter Scott placed Lady Dudley when she made her ill-starred journey to Kenilworth under the protection of Wayland. The room with its stone floors and thick walls looks indeed like a

prison, although from the window there is a charming view of an orchard and garden which now occupies the site of what was the Pleasance in Leicester's time. It was in this Pleasance, then "decorated with statues, arches, trophies, fountains, and other architectural monuments," that Tressilian wandered, paying little heed to the beauties of nature and art which surrounded him, his mind being absorbed by thoughts of his lost love, Amy, whom he knew to be in danger, but in how great danger, or how near to him at that moment, he was quite ignorant.

As I stood in the little tower chamber looking out upon the Pleasance with its orchard and garden, and upon the reaches of green meadow beyond, my mind, like Tressilian's, quite filled with thoughts of Amy Robsart, a voice that seemed to come from the floor below, an infinitely pathetic voice, broke forth in these words:

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,  
The sounds of busy life were still,  
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,  
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love  
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely grove,  
Immured in shameful privity?"  
\* \* \* \* \*

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;  
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The lines so perfectly fitted the scene, and I was so completely under the spell of Kenilworth and the Northern Wizard who described it, that I never stopped to think whether the voice was of the past or of the present; there may have been tears in my eyes, I do not know, I only know that I was aroused from my sad reverie by Walter's voice at my side, saying very gently, "Don't take it quite so hard, Zelphine; you know that Amy never really came to Kenilworth, and the great pageant took place long after her death."

"I don't care," I said; "Sir Walter Scott pictured her here and I shall always think of her in this little room, no matter what dates and facts say about it. And those verses—did you ever hear anything so weird and haunting?"

"The ghost of the Ladye Amye," said Walter. "She does not appear by daylight, she only recites."

"Now, really, Walter do you think that some one is kept here to repeat those verses when parties of visitors arrive?"

"Aunt Cassie has a wonderful memory," said Miss Mott, her head just then appearing above the stairway, as if in answer to my question, "and she always seems to have her poetry on tap."

Something more than a good memory, a gift of sympathy and a power that we should call dramatic if she were not a good Quakeress, enabled Miss West to enter so completely into the spirit of the place and its associations and so to carry us with her (Walter, too, despite his jesting) that the years were swept aside like a veil and we shared for the moment Amy Robsart's sorrows, her hopes, and her fears.

We selfishly rejoiced that no other tourists or trippers were at Kenilworth to-day to disturb our reveries, and, a rather quiet party, we drove away from this monument of the Earl of Leicester's pride, his ambition, and his heartless cruelty.

Miss West suggested a drive to Cumnor Hall while our minds were filled with thoughts of Amy Robsart, but the driver's common sense acted as a check to our enthusiasm. He advised us to visit Cumnor from Oxford, a drive of about four miles from that town; but, with an amiable desire to humor our fancies, he suggested an afternoon excursion to the Leycester Hospital at the west end of High Street, where some relics of Ladye Amye Dudley are still to be seen.

"By all means!" exclaimed Miss West. "Let us go to the Hospital and see something good that Leicester has left behind him."

We did not, however, visit the Leycester Hospital this afternoon, as our coachman made still another suggestion. A fête was being given in the grounds of Warwick Castle this very day, an excellent opportunity, he said, to see the park and gardens at their best.

If it was our pleasure, our Jehu would drive us to the old stone bridge over the Avon, from which there is a fine view of the castle, and afterwards take us to a little garden café for our luncheon.

Of course it was our pleasure to fall in with a plan so well arranged. The view of Warwick Castle from the Avon bridge is superb, and a day away from lodging-houses and inns is in itself a delight. The simple luncheon served to us in the little garden café under the shadow of the castle walls was more than satisfying. As we lingered over the inevitable plum tart, Walter proposed the health of the coachman, which we drank in ginger beer of the landlady's own make. She looked so pretty, smiling and blushing, as she stood before us opening the bottles, that Miss West, with her clever way of getting at the root of things, discovered, by means of several adroit questions, that the coachman was her husband, whom we were toasting in his own beer.

Could a Yankee from the land of the wooden nutmeg do better? The additional drive to the bridge over the Avon, the dinner at the inn, and perhaps a share of the fee of a shilling for each one as we entered the grounds, were all admirably planned.

"Well, I'm satisfied to have him make something off us," said Miss Cassandra, as we passed through the embattled gateway and into a winding road cut out of the solid rock. "He has added so much to our pleasure. Nothing could be more delightful than this, and after all, when you reflect upon it, where did the Yankees come from, if not from England?"

Miss Cassandra's conundrum would probably have led to an animated discussion, under ordinary circumstances, but the vista of enchanting loveliness revealed to us as the great gates swung open entirely absorbed our attention. I wish I could give you some idea of the beauty of that sylvan scene, a combination of the richest exuberance of nature and the most skilful cultivation. You know that I love the wild beauty of our own forests and the rich verdure of our pasture-lands, but really—now don't laugh at me—I felt that I had never seen trees or grass before. Our feet sank into the greensward so far that I was afraid they would never come out again, and the cedars of Lebanon and the giant oaks and beeches reached out their sheltering arms to make refreshing coverts from the afternoon sun. At the other end of this vast park were the marquees in which vegetables, flowers, and fruit were exhibited. The space around them was thronged with judges, competitors, and a large company of spectators, including many tourists like ourselves.

The Countess of Warwick was not present to-day, to our regret, but we had the pleasure of seeing her sister, Lady Gordon Lenox, give the prizes for the fruit, flowers, and vegetables. She was charming in a mauve gown and large black hat, and with her aged mother and a young daughter of the Countess of Warwick, the Vicountess Hammersley, in white muslin and blue ribbons, the trio presented a most attractive picture of three generations of aristocrats. However it may please certain democratic Americans to

Smile at the claims of long descent,

there is a certain indefinable quality that belongs to these high-born Englishwomen, something in their exquisite dignity and repose, that stamps them with the "caste of Vere de Vere."

I must tell you of an amusing experience we had this evening, with some English dowagers—large, florid dames, with such structures of tulle and flowers upon their heads as are only to be found in the British Isles. As these ladies showed an amiable desire to converse

with us, we asked them some questions about the Oxford Pageant, which they had recently witnessed. They gave us the desired information, but in a tone of evident condescension and with so marked a note of contempt for a nation that could not boast its thousands of years of history, that Lydia Mott's freeborn American spirit was thoroughly aroused and she suddenly sailed in and had what Walter calls "her innings."

After expatiating upon the picturesqueness of our American Indian life, she described at length our own pageant in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Pennsylvania. Although she must have been a child at the time, she remembered all the details far better than I did.

"And where did those settlers that you speak of come from?" asked the first dowager.

"From England," replied Lydia, somewhat surprised at the question, and then rallying to the charge. "They were Quakers who were so badly treated in England that they had to come to America for protection."

"Fancy!" exclaimed the second dowager. "I think I have heard of the Quakers. They wore strange clothes and spoke quite ungrammatically, I believe."

"I don't know about that," replied Lydia, nothing daunted; "that's, after all, quite a matter of opinion."

Miss Cassandra looked unutterable things, but kept her lips firmly closed.

Lydia then proceeded to outline certain pageants that could be given in America. The landing of John Smith and his company at Jamestown; the arrival of the Plymouth Settlers; William Penn's Treaty with the Indians, and the surrender of Yorktown. The latter scene was described with so much spirit that the dowagers might have taken it for granted that Lydia was present at the ceremony. But alas for the narrator and her eloquence! The first dowager, instead of expressing intelligent interest, or looking the least bit crestfallen over the superlative importance of American antiquities, said, with an inquiring look in her eyes and a rising inflection in her voice, "Yorktown? We never say Yorktown; it is just York; it is a very ancient city, once occupied by the Romans. They say that one of the Roman Emperors built the walls. Perhaps he is the one who surrendered."

Can you imagine such density? Lydia was speechless at last, but an intelligent-looking young Englishman who had been listening to the conversation explained that the surrender had taken place in America, and was of comparatively recent occurrence. Then, his British pride being touched by Lydia's patriotic harangue, he very adroitly took up the cudgels for his own country by saying that the

officer to whom Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown was really an Englishman, his family having been in America only for two or three generations. Clever, was it not? Turning again to Lydia, he said very civilly, "I have never been in the States, but I have been in Canada and at Quebec, and at the citadel on the summit of that almost impregnable fortress which our General Wolfe captured from the French, I saw a cannon which was taken by us from the Americans at Bunker Hill."

"Yes," said Miss Cassandra suddenly; "the British may have taken the cannon, but we kept the hill!"

A hearty laugh followed this rejoinder, and the Englishman, with a good humor and courtesy that won our admiration, bowed to Miss Cassandra, saying, "I have heard much of American valor, but of American wit I have now had a practical illustration." Was it not delightful to have our Quaker lady come off with such flying colors? And so, in gay good humor with our respective nations, we said good-night to each other, as I say it to you, Margaret, only wishing that you had been present at the war of wits.

Ever your devoted

ZELPHINE.



### MY KNIGHT

BY MABEL URMY SEARES

**N**O T in a coat of shining mail goes he  
To fight in tourney or in war for me,  
But well I know that in the busy mart  
He wears my 'broidered colors near his heart,  
And none dare speak my name, save soberly.



### LAUGHING CYNICISMS

TIT-FOR-TAT is a game that is older than golf.  
Many a "Saint" has a homely face to thank for her halo.  
Fools never listen to the wise; but the wise occasionally give ear to  
Fools.

Much is forgiven Beauty at the Court of Injustice.  
To be bad-for-something is stronger than to be good-for-nothing.  
Candor is the cold-water spigot of Truth.  
A dull hearing and a bad memory have proved immensely profitable  
afflictions.

*Minna Thomas Antrim.*

# DEPORTED

## A TALE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

*By H. C. Stickney*

**A**S the steamer City of Peking passed inward through the Golden Gate, Hoo Song sat crouched upon the bundle of matting that contained all his worldly possessions. His heart beat violently. The long hoped for yet dreaded hour was at hand when with the aid of the certificate he carried he was to seek entrance into the land of promise. The certificate had originally been issued to Loo Fat, a Chinese merchant, who had left the United States on a visit to his native land a year before. Loo Fat had owned a twenty-fifth interest in a fruit stand in Chinatown—the amount of capital invested being one dollar—but it was enough to class him as a merchant. The tragedy that prevented him from returning to America does not belong to this story, but his certificate fell into the hands of a Canton broker, and was purchased by Hoo Song's family. They were obliged to sell two of Hoo's sisters into slavery in order to raise the money, but as the young fellow was expected to make in America the fortune of the entire family, this was regarded as a good investment.

Hoo Song answered fairly well to the description given in the certificate. There had been a scar an inch long on Loo Fat's temple, but the stroke of a knife sufficed to make a fairly close imitation on Hoo Song. A brown spot on Loo Fat's breast was reproduced on his substitute in exactly the right position by the skilful use of a chemical preparation. So far as height, weight, and general appearance went, the difference between Hoo Song and the description in the certificate was slight.

Hoo was accompanied by a friend, Lo Ching, who was returning to America after a visit to China. Indeed, it was through the influence of Lo Ching that Hoo's family had been induced to send the young fellow to this far western land. Lo Ching had related glowing stories of that marvellous country of the Foreign Devils, and had told how a smart young man could earn enough in a few years to support not only himself but all his relatives in luxury. It was Lo Ching who had found the certificate, and who had undertaken, for a modest consider-

ation, to coach Hoo Song so that he would be able to answer any questions that might be put to him on landing.

And now the long voyage was at an end. The constant roll of the great ship had ceased, the throbbing of the engines, which for days and nights had crashed and thundered close to Hoo's head, was still. The first cabin passengers had gone ashore unquestioned, but officials in blue coats and brass buttons took possession of the hundred-odd Chinese passengers. Hoo Song sat silent and bewildered till Lo Ching came hastily and commanded him to talk. Already a sharp-eyed officer had noticed the young Chinaman's air of unfamiliarity, and suspected that he had never been in the country before. Prompted by Lo Ching, Hoo Song began to scream and gesticulate with the rest.

Then came the critical ordeal. One by one the almond-eyed Asiatics were called up before the officials to undergo examination and comparison of certificates. If all was satisfactory, the Chinaman was passed ashore; if he could not answer the questions or if his appearance did not tally with the description in his certificate, he was remanded for further examination—which usually resulted in his being sent back.

When Hoo's turn arrived he nearly came to grief because for a moment he forgot to answer to the name of Loo Fat. A surreptitious kick from Lo Ching, who stood behind him, recalled the young fellow just in time. The officer who had already been eying Hoo Song suspiciously was conducting the physical examinations, and a grim smile appeared on his face when he saw the brown stain on Hoo's breast. He was accustomed to such tricks. "Stand back," he said curtly.

Hoo's chances for an immediate return trip to China seemed extremely good; but just at that moment an enormously fat Chinaman who was lounging near spoke a few words in a low tone to the official in charge—and Hoo Song was soon recalled, and, after a few more questions, permitted to go ashore.

Now, the fat Chinaman who had interested himself on the young fellow's behalf on the steamer—and whose name, by the way, was Em Moon—was a power in Chinatown. He owned a controlling interest in a large store, and was also the proprietor of a prosperous gambling-hell. Being on intimate terms with some of San Francisco's politicians, he had learned some valuable lessons from them, one of which was the art of using other men for the purpose of advancing his own interests. When he had first seen Hoo Song, he had decided that there was valuable raw material, so after the young fellow had gone ashore, he sent for him and turned him over to one of his henchmen, with instructions to give him a job in the gambling rooms. Hoo was also immediately enrolled in the Yung Ho society, of which Em Moon was a leader.

Among those who frequented Em Moon's gambling rooms was a

young Japanese named Kitisani, a dealer in Oriental goods with a shop on Kearney Street. Now, the Japanese and the Chinese have little to do with each other at any time, but at the period of which I write the feeling of hatred and contempt was intensified owing to the war which had just broken out between the two nations. Had Kitisan's friends and relatives known that he frequented Chinatown, that young man would have been placed in a very awkward position. He had come at first in a spirit of bravado, and now persisted because he had become fascinated with the games. The Chinamen tolerated him partly because they were quite ready to win his money, and partly because they feared his fiery disposition, and his well known readiness with knife and pistol.

For some reason, Hoo Song conceived a strong admiration for this reckless young Japanese, though he was shrewd enough not to exhibit it too freely before his own countrymen. Kitisan was impressed by Hoo's bright, intelligent face, which was in strong contrast with the repulsive looking beings that frequented Em Moon's gambling rooms. One day, in a friendly spirit, he advised the young Chinaman to learn the English language as the surest road to success in this country. Hoo replied that he was fully alive to the importance of this, but declared that he had been unable to find a teacher. Kitisan, who could speak both English and Chinese fairly well, said that if Hoo would come to his store every day, he himself would give him lessons.

Kitisan, who in common with his race had a profound contempt for all Chinamen, regarded the teaching of Hoo Song very much as an American would the teaching of a clever dog new tricks. But Hoo Song gladly availed himself of the offer, and it was during one of his visits to the store that he first saw Mai, Kitisan's sister.

She was a short, plump little Japanese maiden. Kitisan was an ardent admirer of everything American, and he encouraged his sister to imitate as nearly as possible the dress and customs of the young ladies of San Francisco. So Mai walked about the streets of the city as freely as an American girl, visited her brother's store whenever it pleased her to do so, and comported herself generally with the greatest freedom. She took not the slightest notice of Hoo, except to scold her brother for having anything to do with a Chinaman. Men of that race were to her as the dirt under her feet.

To Hoo Song, Mai was the most beautiful object in the world, even in her unbecoming American costume. He watched her as she went about her brother's store, with more reverence than he had ever felt for his grandfather, and more veneration than he possessed for all his ancestors put together. What little of the English he had mastered faded from his mind when she was near. He could see nothing, think of nothing, but this little, laughing, black-eyed girl.

Probably Mai would never have wasted another thought on the Chinaman her brother was teaching, had he not been able to render that brother an important service. It was after one of the great Japanese victories that Kitisani had engaged in an argument with some Chinamen in Em Moon's gambling rooms, and had presently taunted them with the cowardice of their countrymen. Patriotism is not generally a strong feeling in the San Francisco Chinaman, but there is a limit to all things, and the ridicule of the young Japanese aroused the anger of a man named Gee Long, a highbinder and the servant of "Little Jim," one of San Francisco's Chinese millionnaires.

Gee Long drew a hatchet—a favorite weapon of the Chinaman—and sprang at Kitisani. The latter leaped behind a table and drew a revolver, but before he could use it it was struck from his grasp. Hoo Song was the guardian of the door, and a dozen men yelled at him to keep it closed, but, notwithstanding this, and though he knew perfectly well that if he disobeyed he would incur the enmity of every Chinaman in the room, he flung the door open as Kitisani dashed toward it, and closed it after him, in the very faces of his angry countrymen. As a result, Kitisani escaped, but Hoo Song was beaten into insensibility, and would have been killed but for the intervention of Em Moon himself.

It was several weeks before Hoo Song had recovered sufficiently to present himself at Kitisani's. Mai was there, and had evidently heard the whole story from her brother, for she looked at the scarcely healed wounds on Hoo's face and her black eyes filled with tears of pity. When she asked her brother if she could do anything for Hoo Song to show her gratitude, Kitisani, who had gotten a bit tired of his rôle of instructor, suggested that she continue the lessons that he had begun. Mai had acquired English with great rapidity, as do most of her countrymen, and she took up the task with ardor. Kitisani had no more hesitation in allowing his sister to teach the Chinaman than if he had been a pet monkey. Were not many American girls engaged in teaching these cattle? He would not have believed it possible that his sister should learn to care for a Chinaman. Indeed, Mai herself would have scorned the idea.

In the beginning the young Japanese girl could hardly control the repugnance she felt in the presence of one of the despised and detested race; but Hoo Song was so invariably polite and deferential that this feeling soon wore off. It was not long before the merry little Japanese maiden came to see that her big pupil adored her, and at first this amused her, as one might be diverted by the affection of a pet dog.

So matters went along until one day, during a lesson, Hoo Song accidentally touched Mai's hand at a moment when he happened to be looking straight into her bright black eyes. What caused the sudden

tumult in the brown girl's breast? What made the black eyes grow dim and misty? Why did her heart beat rapidly and her cheeks darkly redden? Was it shame and indignation at being brought so closely in contact with a Chinaman? At first she tried to persuade herself that this was the case, but in her heart she knew that she was learning to love this enemy of her race. It was not the first time that love has overcome race hatred, nor will it be the last. Hoo Song said nothing, but his black eyes said a great deal.

Kitisani saw nothing of what was going on. That young gentleman no longer visited Chinatown in search of excitement and adventure, being now engaged in hot pursuit of an Irish-American lady, who managed to absorb not only a large share of his attention, but a considerable portion of the profits of the store as well. Some of the Japanese workmen in the shop were not so blind as Kitisani, however. Oyama, a bamboo-worker, who had long gazed on Mai with ardent eyes, noted the glances that passed between the girl and the Chinaman, and so fierce was his anger thereat that on the slightest of provocation he broke a bamboo rod an inch thick over the head of Kai, one of his subordinates. Oyama dared not voice his suspicions to his employer, for he feared Kitisani's wrath and the consequent loss of his position; but he watched the girl and the young Chinaman closely.

How did Hoo Song learn that on certain days of the week Mai walked in the Golden Gate park unattended, after the fashion of American ladies? Perhaps Mai did not inform him in so many words, but the lessons in English required many illustrations. The description of a young lady walking in a park is a very pretty exercise in any language, and what better test of conversational ability is there than the accurate description of scenery? Hoo Song did not understand all the strange English words of this lesson, but his heart grasped its meaning very readily.

Then during the long, glorious mornings they wandered in the remotest parts of San Francisco's splendid park. They could speak but little of their common language, English, but there was scant need for words. They forgot the strife waging across the broad Pacific; they did not even stop to consider very seriously the outcome of their love. It is true that Mai sometimes trembled when she thought of what her fierce brother might do should he learn of her infatuation for the Chinaman; but she put away the thought in the happy, childish fashion of the women of her race, and laughed and chattered, and was supremely happy, in Hoo Song's presence. Hoo had a vague idea that some day they would go to some distant part of this great country, and marry after the American fashion. He did not know exactly how this was to be accomplished, for he had little money, and he knew that the strong arm of the Yung Ho society reached wherever a Chinaman was to be

found. But he hoped for a bright future, and meanwhile enjoyed to the utmost every hour spent in the little Japanese girl's company.

Oyama's suspicions grew stronger every day. Why should his employer's sister take the trouble to teach this beast of a Chinaman the English language? It was unendurable that she should speak to, or even notice, one of the base creatures. When he hinted as much to Kitisani, however, he was told sternly to mind his own business. Why, reasoned Kitisani, should not Mai amuse herself teaching the Chinese devil, if she wanted to? Did not young American ladies do so? What these girls did in their Sunday schools, surely Mai might do without loss of dignity in the room back of her own brother's shop! That she should manifest any further interest in this pig, who was a good enough fellow in his own inferior, base-born way, was impossible.

But Oyama was not satisfied. That any one could come daily in contact with Mai and not love her was beyond belief. He had heard that these same absurd American girls, about whom Kitisani made such a fuss, had begun by teaching the beasts and had ended, in some instances, by marrying them. Oyama was not American-mad, like his master. So in spite of Kitisani's disdainful wrath, he resolved to watch closer than ever. He feigned illness, and quit work at the shop, so that he might devote his whole time to the purpose.

At first he tried to spy out Hoo Song's movements, but soon found that this was a dangerous proceeding, for at this time a Japanese found in Chinatown was in considerable peril. So he set himself to watch Mai. But although the simple little Japanese maiden was childish and laughter-loving, she possessed a considerable share of catlike cunning, and her eyes were quite open as to Oyama's jealousy and suspicions. In consequence, she approached the rendezvous with Hoo Song in such devious ways that for a time Oyama was baffled. It was an excess of caution that betrayed her. She consumed so much time one day in endeavoring to mislead any one who might be following her that she was a half-hour behindtime. Hoo Song, to whom every moment of her society lost was a moment of agony, sallied out to find her. He was seen by Oyama, and, being only a man, was easily tracked to the place of meeting. Oyama would have liked to kill Hoo Song on the spot, but he was by no means a powerful man, while the Chinaman was big and brawny and had the reputation of being a fighter. Indeed, Em Moon intended that in the course of time he should be employed as an adjuster of difficulties for the Yung Ho company. So Oyama crept away without disturbing the lovers.

When the bamboo-worker informed his master that Mai was in the habit of meeting the Chinaman in the park, Kitisani at first threatened to kill his countryman for daring to give utterance to such a hideous lie.

"Kill me," said Oyama, "if it is not true."

"If you have lied, I will kill you," replied Kitisani.

"I am willing to die if I am not speaking the truth," returned Oyama.

Persuaded at last, Kitisani consented to watch his sister, and one day sprang into the presence of the lovers, furious. The first impulse of the hot-blooded Japanese was to kill them both. Oyama, who was lurking behind, had urged that this was the only way to remove the stain from his family honor. Hoo Song offered no defence, save to say that he loved Mai. He was undoubtedly stronger than the Japanese but he would not fight with Mai's brother.

"Remember," cried Mai, "he saved your life!"

Kitisani paused. After all, he was under some obligation to the Chinese pig.

Cursing Hoo Song with all the bitter and contemptuous English words of which he was master—there were no invectives strong enough in the Japanese language—he led the weeping girl away. She was taken home and locked up in a room where she could repent at leisure of her disgraceful folly. This was the outcome of trying to follow American customs, of allowing women liberty. For a time Kitisani heartily detested American civilization.

Hoo Song went sadly back to Chinatown, and buried himself in its deepest recesses. Here was an end of everything for him. He lost faith in his Joss and in all supernatural aid. He refused to burn Joss sticks, or to use any means whatever of scaring off any particular devil. Perhaps the glimpses he had obtained of American ways and literature had begun to undermine his faith in the old religion.

But hope, which rarely deserts the young, kept him from utter despair. Was he not in the same country with her? Was not this a country of wonderful possibilities, of wonderful freedom? As long as they were both in America, all things were possible. He would fight desperately for her. The first thing, however, was to get money. With money all things could be accomplished, and there was money to be had in Chinatown if one knew how to get it. He felt sure that Mai would remain faithful to him for a thousand years if necessary.

But Hoo had made some bitter and powerful enemies in Chinatown. Gee Long remembered his interference on behalf of the hated Japanese, and so did many others. It was told about Chinatown that Hoo was consorting with the Japanese devils, and he was looked upon with suspicion everywhere. Gee Long, who was in the employ of the Sam Yup society, a powerful rival to the Yung Ho, began to inquire into the young man's antecedents. By skilful tactics he ascertained from Lo Ching that Hoo had gained entrance into America by means of a fraudulent certificate. Ordinarily the outwitting of the American devils was something to boast of, and Lo Ching, who had been away

from the city, did not know of the disfavor into which his friend had fallen. But Gee Long saw in the circumstance a way in which he could make trouble for Hoo Song, so he went to the United States authorities and informed them that the young Chinaman had gotten into the country under false pretenses.

Now, just at this time the officials needed an example, for there had been a good deal of newspaper gossip about the laxity in the management of Chinese affairs in San Francisco; so Gee Long's information was promptly acted upon. Hoo Song was arrested and lodged in jail.

Em Moon had remained friendly to the young fellow, but at that time he was anxious to avoid any complications with the United States authorities; for he had been carrying things with a rather high hand and his influence was nearly exhausted. As a result, the habeas corpus papers, through which so many Chinamen have slipped into this country and remained here, were not applied for. When the case came up before the courts the officers had no difficulty in proving the fraudulent character of the certificate Hoo Song had presented, and an order was made out for his deportation.

The young Chinaman was returned to jail to await the sailing of the ship that had brought him to this country. He was completely crushed by his misfortunes. The contempt of his family for his failure, the life of hard labor to which he would be doomed, the loss of all this land of freedom offered, were all bitter to him; but these faded into insignificance beside the fact that he would be parted from Mai forever. While he remained in America there was a hope that he might somehow gain her; banished to China, all hope was lost. He grew thin, and wretched. No one came to see him. He was abandoned by his countrymen.

The day of sailing came, and Hoo Song was taken to the ship, closely guarded. Down in the familiar, filthy steerage, he sat, huddled together, his head bowed on his breast, a heap of abject misery. The ship swung out into the bay, the prow pointing toward the Golden Gate.

The vessel being now clear of the dock, the vigilance of the guard was relaxed, and Hoo Song crept on deck for a last look at the city where dwelt the idol of his heart. The hills of San Francisco, covered by a cloud of smoke, were astern; the grim fort Alcatraz was past. The ship was plowing steadily along, headed straight for the Pacific Ocean. Hoo Song gazed for a moment at the receding city, then climbed on the rail, and without any hesitation leaped into the water. The engines were stopped, but when it was ascertained that the man overboard was only a Chinaman, and that no trace of him was to be seen, the gong sounded to go ahead at full speed.

# MEMORIES

*By Fannie Heaslip Lea*

IT happened that the Cynic came suddenly upon Jaconetta one evening when her lap and a portion of the hearth-rug upon which she sat, Turk-fashion, were white with letters—old letters, some half-opened and some—but these lay in the grate—half-charred.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully, pausing in the doorway to reconnoiter.  
"Having a holocaust?"

Jaconetta looked up with a little startled scowl that did not smooth itself out at once.

"How did you get in?" she inquired, anything but politely. "I told Mary I was not at home."

"So Mary told me," admitted the Cynic, unmoved. "I said that I'd come in and have a smoke with your father."

"Father!" Jaconetta scrambled half-way to her feet with a protective clutch on the letters, but she sank back before the Cynic's soothing gesture.

"That's all right," he said gently. "Go on with the wake. When I got to the door I said, 'Ah, Mary, I see Miss Jaconetta is in, after all. You need n't bother—' So here I am." He waived conclusions with a genial smile, and, selecting a large leather chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, sank into it with a sigh of content, and reached for his cigarette case.

Jaconetta returned to the contemplation of the letters in an abstraction that apparently left no room for conversation.

"Sick?" asked the Cynic pleasantly, from behind a drift of blue smoke.

"H'm?" said Jaconetta, not looking up.

"I've noticed," he went on impersonally, "that when a woman becomes reminiscent she is either sick or contemplating a new victim."

"Sometimes," said Jaconetta impishly, "there is another reason. Girls read over their old letters, and burn them, you know, when they are—going to be married."

"Yes," assented the Cynic; "yes." His cigarette burned to an incredibly long ash between heedless fingers. It is a cherished delusion of his that if Jaconetta will not marry him, at least she will marry no one else.

"Yes?" he repeated with a new inflection.

Jaconetta rested her cheek on the little brown fingers of her left hand and looked at the fire with pensive tenderness. The hand was ringless.

"However," she announced at length, "I am neither sick, 'contemplating a new victim,' nor going to be married. I am blue—unhappy—desolate." She leaned her chin on both hands and stared hard before her. "So I got out my box of letters and began to read them. It cheers me up," she added hopefully, "to see how many people have loved me. It seems to argue that I must be a very decent sort after all, eh?"

The Cynic shrugged his big shoulders with a smile that was both inscrutable and adaptable. It might have meant anything, from ardent devotion to a disinterested consideration of circumstances. "Pretty decent," he added, by way of parenthesis.

Presently Jaconetta looked up from the earnest perusal of a voluminous epistle, closely written in a small, masculine hand.

"Every man is a poet in his first love-letters," she said sententiously. "Listen to this——"

"See here——" began the Cynic.

"I'm not going to tell you who it is——"

"I don't want——"

"Don't be absurd," said Jaconetta coldly. "Do you think I'd do it if it were n't right?"

She read slowly and with a total lack of emphasis:

"There is nothing I would not dare for you; nothing I could not be, that you wanted me; nothing I would not give up, nothing I would not leave, nothing I would not change, at your wish, except——"

"That's enough!" cried the Cynic suddenly. "What sort of a soul have you got, anyhow? Don't read me that stuff. Is it nothing but black and white to you?" He broke off in real indignation.

Jaconetta selected another sheet from the loose heap in her lap.

"I hope I know when to forget," she said serenely. "Calm yourself! He's been married for two years, and he adores the very buckles on his wife's slippers. What? No, he was n't flirting with me when he wrote that; he meant it—at the time. Now listen to this"—she read on hastily, before the Cynic could stop her:

"You are the only girl in the world, so far as I am concerned. The rest of them will do for the general run of wives and mothers and sweethearts and humanity; but you are different. You are the reason for everything I shall ever want——"

"Ugh!" said Jaconetta unexpectedly. "That was a heavy responsibility, was n't it?"

"You are impossible," said the Cynic slowly.

"Eh?" said Jaconetta, honestly startled. "Oh! Because I'm reading you this? That's all right. They're all old stories now—dead pasts—mummied loves—and all the rest of it. This last one"—she folded the sheet and patted it back into its envelope—"I had a letter from him a month or so ago. He's going to marry a girl in Texas, and he writes of her with exactly the same enthusiasm. What's a little enthusiasm, after all, that one should grudge it to life? One has only a handful of years, at best, and if one does n't savor all there is in the phases that come with those years, why—" She broke off, looking curiously at a sprig of something, withered and dry, that had fallen from the envelope she held, into her open hand. "Why—" she said again, aimlessly, the thread of her speech lost in a new tangle of thought. "Why—"

The Cynic laughed noiselessly, then he leaned forward with a charmingly confidential air.

"What is it?" he demanded. "Another dead past? What's the little vegetable for?"

Jaconetta lifted quick eyes and laughed. Then she went back to staring at the thing in her hand.

"Are you thinking whether you shall keep it or burn it?" he teased.

"No. Oh, no; I am wondering, on the contrary," said Jaconetta calmly, "why I ever kept it, and who gave it to me."

She regarded it with a reflective air, and lifted it suddenly to the central feature of her small, dark face.

"Heliotrope," she announced, between sniffs. "Heavens! it's dry!" She groped in the lacy recesses of her sleeve with her free hand, and a pained expression contorted her face.

"I think I'm going to sneeze," she faltered. The Cynic produced a large square of spotless white linen, and dropped it in her lap. Jaconetta buried her face in its folds, and agonized a moment in silence, to no avail.

Presently she gave him back the handkerchief. "It must have been merely emotion," she explained thoughtfully, "but I was sure it was a sneeze." She held the withered bit of heliotrope at a safe distance and regarded it resentfully.

Jaconetta has a face that slanderously reveals her lightest thought. Above the heliotrope it wavered from resentment to uncertainty, from uncertainty to resolution, and from resolution to a very definite amusement. Finally she laughed—chuckled rather—in an adorable fashion

of her own. The Cynic watched her meantime, through half closed eyes, and his cigarette went out, forgotten.

"What vampires you women are!" he cried suddenly.

"Eh?" Jaconetta was plainly astonished.

"Yes," insisted the Cynic; "vampires, parasites—every one of you!" He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, and brought the clenched fist of his left hand down into the palm of his right. "There you sit, laughing over the dry husk of a man's love—giggling in the face of a corpse—preening your vanity above a strangled illusion! What's truth to you? or faith? or passion? or love? The trinket of a day, something to wear in your hair like a flower, and throw away when you tire of it. Something to foster your vanity and prop up your self-esteem. Why, your memory's a rag-bag of loves and lovers. You pull out a scrap, but you can't even remember whose cloth it was cut from. A man lives in your remembrance, not for what he was or was not, but because he loved you. It is his claim to distinction. Have you nothing more real than that in your life? Does n't that bit of a dead flower, there, hurt you for even a second? Has n't it a voice for some dead moment? Why, you should be sorry—or glad—for the memory it awakens—anything—only feel! For Heaven's sake, feel! You might have sawdust in your veins! What?" He broke off in an irritation not lessened by Jaconetta's mocking eyes.

"Go on!" she said, with a gamin grimace. "You're doing fine!"

"That's all very well," he retorted. "I'm glad I amuse you; but, on my word, I think the man who loves and rides away is the only sane one in the human species. You're not worth a man's faith and trust and manhood. You're vampires—vampires, all of you! You batten on our illusions, our youthful beliefs, our credulity, and then—you smile over the words we wrote in the clutch of our agony—laugh at the crude expression on the only love that is ever real in any man—his first—and sniff delicately at the dust of the flowers you wore for us. 'Whose was it? Why did I keep it? What did it stand for?'"

Jaconetta's eyes softened to an appeal.

"If I could remember who gave it to me," she offered hopefully, "I'm sure I should know why I kept it, and what it was for. But you see——"

"I quite see," he interrupted ruthlessly. "There have been so many——"

"One gets them confused," said Jaconetta eagerly, "and then, there's no clue. It's just a bit of dead heliotrope in a plain envelope. Heliotrope's a silly, sentimental sort of flower, so it must have had some significance; and one does n't get it in hothouse bouquets, so it must have been an intimate gift. But then again so many men are sentimental——"

"And intimate?" suggested the Cynic, with caustic brevity.

"If you like," she conceded. "At least, you *are* easy to know." She drew her dark brows into a puzzled frown and sighed deeply. "I wish I could remember—he may have been interesting."

"He must have been," scoffed the Cynic, "since you forgot him."

"Aha!" cried Jaconetta suddenly. "Then you think forgetfulness is not easy?" She clasped both hands about her knees, and the letters slipped and slid unheeded from her lap to the floor, as she lifted questioning eyes for the Cynic's answer.

It did not come at once. The Cynic's shrug was a tacit admission of disbelief and uncertainty.

"God knows!" he said somberly, at last. "Do you forget the white stones that mark your life? Do you remember the every-day pebbles? What do you mean by forgetfulness? Oblivion? Or temporary relief? A woman forgets sooner than a man, I think."

"So?" murmured Jaconetta courteously; then her mockery shrivelled in a flame of protest. "It's good that we do!" she cried bitterly. "If women were not adjustable and adaptable—if they were not weak and uncertain, and sometimes, thank Heaven, forgetful—there would be nothing left of them for punishment in the next world—each of them would have her own little self-lighting, self-heating Inferno right here on earth." She thrust the dark hair out of her eyes with an impatient gesture, and drew a long breath. "I think," she finished with whimsical deliberation, banking the fires of her feeling, "the Powers That Be sent women into the world weakened, mentally and spiritually, to their uses, and it is through that weakness that they endure."

Her words died in a shadowy silence. The Cynic lit another cigarette and flung it into the fire half smoked.

"I'm going," he said suddenly, and got to his feet with a restless suggestion of haste. "You might, at least, leave me my belief in *one* woman's squareness and reality."

"Meaning me?" asked Jaconetta, with a slow smile.

"Meaning you," he retorted grimly. "It hurts my understanding of you to have you show the shallow flippancies of the common or garden flirt. That wretched little vegetable, now—throw it away if you like, but don't laugh at it. It must have been a part of your life—and life's nothing to laugh at."

"Indeed, no!" Jaconetta assented indifferently. "In my experience, life's a story with the joke on you."

She waited until he had taken her hand, perfunctorily, released it, and crossed the room to the door, then she spoke in her softest voice.

"I'm glad to know your views on the subject," she murmured sweetly, "because, as a matter of fact, I remembered all along. You gave it to me yourself, the day we drove into Camden for the Flower Show."



## HANNAH, MAH HONEY

(*Banjo Song*)

BY MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON

O H, de big moon shine an' de li'l stars shake,  
An' de bull-frog whine on de aidge ob de lake.  
De ol' owl listen  
Wha de white dew glisten  
An' de win' lay low in de brake.

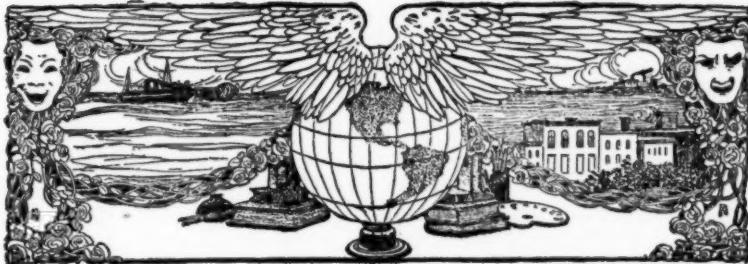
Oh, Hannah, mah honey, is yo' comin'?  
I 's awaitin' in de honeysuckle glade!  
Don' yo' heah de li'l banjo strummin'?  
Oh, Hannah, mah honey, is yo' 'fraid?

De fire-flies twinkle in de skirts ob de night,  
Lak de stars done sprinkle dey li'l draps o' light.  
Dey darkle an' dey burn,  
Dey tremmle an' dey turn,  
An' dey weave a li'l road so bright!

Oh, Hannah, mah honey, is yo' comin'?  
Is yo' comin' down de fire-fly road?  
Don' yo' heah de li'l banjo strummin'?  
I 's a-lonely, ef yo' only knowed!

Oh, de li'l stars chuckle an' de big moon fade,  
An' de shaky honeysuckle he tremmle lak he 'fraid;  
An' I wunner why he shake,  
Caze de win' am in de brake—  
Is dey somebody slippin' froo de glade?

Oh, Hannah, mah honey, is yo' comin'?  
Oh, Hannah, mah honey, am it you?  
Does yo' heah de li'l banjo strummin'?  
I 's awaitin' in de shadder an' de dew!



## WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND  
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

### THE TYRANNY OF PARENTS

**F**IRST they bring us into the world without our volition—then they educate us after their own ideas, or according to their means. They enjoy our childhood, precipitate us into lifelong mistakes, and bewail our ingratitude if, when the period of adolescence is reached, we do not choose them for our friends.

It is not only in France that a child must marry to be free. The boy that leaves home to escape his father's dominion, the girl whose letters "must contain something very wrong if she does n't want her own mother to read them," are common to the civilized world.

The child by right may expect his parents "to protect his youth"—his body, that he may not be handicapped in the coming struggle; his mind, that he may have power to find and fill his own niche; but it is the child's niche, not the parent's, that he should be permitted, nay, encouraged, to seek. He may by right expect such advice as a veteran soldier might offer to a drummer-boy; as though the parent said, "I have travelled a little further along the way. Trust me now, and perhaps, after a while, you will teach me."

But the parent has no more excuse for forcing the growing child to be a pocket edition of himself than he would have to rob of his most cherished possessions the guest who sojourns beneath his roof for a time. Indeed, he has less right, for the guest is not helpless—his individuality cannot be invaded, shaped for ends to which it is not native, deprived of the chance of self-expression; for which cause we were created separate

entities—no two of us alike. Each child should be regarded as a fresh beginning, and given a fresh start free of old blunders.

The parent who is his child's friend is in a class by himself—a class which holds too few, since the very atmosphere of friendship is freedom. But when the period of ignorance and blind submission is past and the child awakes, reasons, questions, and *judges*, the parent will reap whatever he has sown. "To him that hath shall be given."

JANE BELFIELD

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### THE MOULDING OF MEN

**S**O firmly fixed, so frequently flattered, has been our belief in the perfection of our public school system, that it comes as a shock to realize that this system, or rather its present condition, may be a source of devitalizing weakness.

Recently the president of a great university spoke of the evil that has been done the minds and ideals of the young men of our nation by the almost universal monopolization by women of the function of educating our masculine youth. Our young men during the most impressionable period of their lives are taught almost exclusively by women. The man teacher is slowly becoming extinct.

Up to the age of fourteen years the boy may be trained perhaps equally well by a man or woman. Beyond that age the boy usually becomes negative to the influence of the average schoolmistress, and the teacher's efforts are usually annulled. At this period the young and plastic nature of the man-to-be requires, both in precept and example, the guidance of some strongly formative, virile mind, instruction, discipline, and advice by men of worth and culture from the schools of Life and Learning.

Well known is the usual boy's contempt for all that is girlish and effeminate. The records of boards of education bristle with instances of the futile influence of one poor overworked, nerve-racked woman over a class of boisterous irrepressibles bent perversely upon the one idea of frustrating and antagonizing her. Apart from her routine duties and scheduled studies, the teacher, often a mere girl but little older than some of her pupils, has neither opportunity, desire, nor strength left to inculcate in her unruly charges those ideas of ethics, honor, and manliness that are more valuable to the youth of a nation than all the studies of all the schools. The formation of character is the first virtue of education.

Between the woman teacher and her older boy pupils lies an insuperable bar, not because of sex, but because of sex miscomprehension, eternally inherent in both, a lack of that closer knowledge, intimacy, and sympathy that the master must depend upon for his

success. Without hesitation and without prejudice it may be averred that women are capable neither mentally nor physically of the arduousfeat of ruling, teaching, and training several dozen young men.

The results of the effeminization of our schools are at last evident enough—lax discipline, lack of reverence for rules and consequently for law, inefficiency among the scholars, and helplessness among the teachers. But far worse is the utter absence of all that goes to instil ideas of honor and the higher conduct of life into the fallow ground of the young man's mind.

Lamentable fruits of this system of loose restraint and the absence of strong hands at the helm of popular education are such men as Harry Thaw and Stanford White. Neither of these men, when young, had reverence for law, human or moral, implanted in his mind. The architect, despite his subsequent artistic training, had received no ethical training in his impressionable years, nor had his slayer, one of a type whose perverse, yet weakened, wills know no restraint.

It is not the making of the physical "mollycoddle" we need fear, but of the mental and moral one. It is weaklings of this sort, unreinforced with the proper stamina of soul, that have brought about the hideous reign of graft and crime that seems to devastate our land.

The public educational moulding of men must rest in the hands of men—after the deep and abiding influence of good mothers. The proper men must be encouraged to serve as teachers, men who will be proud of this high and holy task. Not only will the human tree be inclined as the twig is bent, but tree and fruit will be feeble or hardy, sound or cankered, according to the soil in which it is planted and the air in which it grows.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

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### THE LITERARY SPIRIT IN THE MODERN MAGAZINE

AT a recent representative gathering of those who make the periodicals of this country, a number of speeches were delivered by men of attainment in various fields of intellect. Their speeches, more or less in harmony with the general aims of their auditors, were strangely unanimous in one respect—an utter avoidance of any expression of desire for the literary spirit in periodical publications. Without any deliberate consensus of opinions among them, it was evident that to their minds the purpose of the periodical magazine had ceased to be literary; that its aim should be essentially that of a purveyor of news. Of course it was understood that it should be a purveyor of news in the higher sense, with the guiding star of trained intellects to lead the minds of the readers while yet supplying them with the style

of reading desired, but that the magazine should be always the objective, the timely, the nice fountain of current information and tendency. Not the statesman who spoke, not the eminent scholar and man of affairs, not the magazine editor, not the politician, not the journalist—not one of them so much as hinted in his address of the aesthetic or literary purpose of the modern magazine, or seemed to have in mind those few periodicals which still live whose policy is not news but literature.

Was there a rare opportunity lost by one or all of these men to say something on this score, or is it that in the fine endeavor of the magazine editor to influence his public while giving it what it wants he has attained his end and that public's desire by thus side-tracking the purely literary output of his magazine?

Assuredly this is not a literary age, and the best proof of the assertion lies in the enormous amount of printed material annually consumed by the public. In the apparent contradictoriness of the proof lies its truth. The publisher of books demands in his contributions "popular quality" rather than literary merit. Literary merit without "popular quality" he does not want on any terms. The magazine editor, likewise, demands "popular interest." Now, popularity does not by any means imply literary quality. Literary appreciation is an attainment as rare in its subtler manifestations as the genuine appreciation of any other fine art, and the general public has just as little of it. Presumably it does not want it.

Yet, without doubt, if the magazine of current events has literary ideals, there is to be found a discriminating manner of presenting them to the reader who is supposed to be alert only for "general interest," and it is just here that the contributor to the magazine may be supposed to have some palpable weight. Policies of magazines become case-hardened and atrophied. General interest does not always respond to the demand upon it, and even general interest may be killed by general style. Fortunate it is for the magazine and for the general reader, however little credit the fact may receive, that in all but the most outworn writer there glows more or less brightly the literary fervor, and he is the wise editor who fans this spark into careful flame, even if to do so sacrifices some portion of that timely interest of which his magazine seems destined, for the time being, to become more and more the mouthpiece.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN



MANY dream of Happiness whilst the starry-eyed visitor knocks unheard at their doors.

Good resolutions are useful. They teach us how difficult it is to remould ourselves.

# WALNUTS AND WINE



## INFORMATION WANTED

Some time ago one of the government departments, in order to secure information concerning the employees under its jurisdiction, sent to each a blank to be filled in with the data desired. Many amusing answers were received, a few of which are given below.

One statement called for was "Color." Various replies were made in response to this query. One man answered by writing "English Indian." Just what color "English Indian" may be is not explained; possibly some painter can enlighten us as to this. The colored members of the force did not take kindly to this question. However, most of them answered by meekly writing the word "black," but one "lady of color," evidently considering herself too aristocratic to be classed with the black race, answered by using the word "light," while a negro man eased his conscience by writing "brown." Another colored man answered the question by bluntly saying "No." It would seem probable he had learned that black is not a color at all, but the absence of color, hence his "No" might, by deduction, be taken to mean black.

The blank also contained a space preceded by the word "Birthplace." One poor fellow wrote as follows: "At sea under the British flag," but he failed to say whether or not he considered himself a man without a country. One very frank mortal showed his contempt for urban life by making the statement that he was born "in the country."

A space was left for information in reply to the words "Marital condition." This query drew forth a number of mirth-provoking answers. One young fellow, seemingly wishing to be very explicit, replied, "About to be married." Another son of Adam, apparently not so conscientious, wrote "not single." He neglected to state, however, whether he had been divorced or if he

## Walnuts and Wine

still had one or more wives. One honest, well-meaning individual, doubtless thinking that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth would suffice, wrote "unsatisfactory," while yet another, evidently more fortunate in her matrimonial venture, very neatly and carefully wrote the word "good." But the climax came when one woman boldly stated her case by the use of but one word, which, if not elegant, was at least very expressive, for what she wrote was "hell."

J. A. Rice



## PROFANITY-PROOF

By Frank M. Bicknell

I'm not mild or meek or lowly, loving, patient, pure, or holy;  
I've a temper that is touchy, yet I wish it understood  
That I never, never lose it, undue license I refuse it;  
I indulge in no strong language—there'd be trouble if I should.

Maledictions are forbidden; I must keep my choler hidden,  
I must stifle all emphatic words beginning with a "D,"  
Such as "dickens," "deuce," "darnation," "*donnerwetter*"  
("thunderation");  
And even shun mild expletives like "jiminy!" and "gee!"

Eschewed by me is lingo like "Great Scott!" and "jumping jingo!"  
"Shucks!" and "sugar!" "fudge!" and "fiddle!" they are  
vocables taboo;  
It would border upon folly to ejaculate "by golly!"  
Or to seek relief in "ginger!" "gosh!" "jehosaphat!" or  
"pooh!"

Do you ask, Why this repression? Then I'll offer a confession:  
I don't swear because, you must know, in my business 't would n't do.  
My address? Grand Central Station, at the booth marked  
"Information,"  
Where I answer foolish questions every day the whole year through.



Some give according to their means; some according to their  
meanness.

Walter Pulitzer

## Walnuts and Wine

### SCOTCH LOGIC

A rather good story is told of Lord Aberdeen, a former Governor-General of Canada and a well-known peer. While walking along a country road in Scotland he saw a sailor about to inflict a blow on his better half. Lord Aberdeen intervened.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!" he informed the sailor. "The idea of any decent man striking his wife! Don't you know that she is the weaker vessel and——"

The sailor was partly drunk and wholly unmoved.

"Little mon!" he said with a wink. (Lord Aberdeen is no giant in stature.) "Little mon, dinna fash yersel'. I ken weel that my wife is the weaker vessel, and 't is for that cause that I'm learnin' her to carry the less sail!"

*Frances De Wolfe Fenwick*

A word to the cook is a dangerous thing.

*Walter Pulitzer*

### A BARBAROUS THOUGHT

"No, my hearers," said the lecturer impressively; "neither hanging nor electrocution has been found a wholly unsatisfactory method of capital punishment; for neither is sufficiently terrifying to act as a deterrent. I have a far better plan to propose—a plan which, if adopted, would make the prospective criminal's face blanch with fear, and yet would cost the state practically nothing. Let them send the condemned man to an adjoining state or city and have him there put to death according to the resources of the place. For instance, in New York they could compel him to cross the Brooklyn Bridge during rush hours; in Chicago they could sentence him to walk the streets after midnight, dressed up as a prosperous business man; in New Jersey he would be promptly stung to death by the mosquitoes; in Pittsburg he would be neatly and quickly asphyxiated; and in Philadelphia he would be certain to die in a short time of inanition——"

But here the audience arose en masse and denounced him for his cruelty.

*Robert T. Hardy*

### WELL INFORMED

*Thirsty individual:* "Say, Mister, where is the best liquor around here?"

*Small boy, butting in:* "I know. He's down at the school."

*J. L. S.*

## Walnuts and Wine

### WHEN HE MISSED HER

It is still the custom in certain parts of New England, when a marriage ceremony has been performed, for the bridegroom to address the company in a few well-chosen words.

On one such occasion, when a Vermont widower had been married to his second choice, he is said to have formulated his observations in the following strain:

"Friends and neighbors, you all know that our good friend here, who has just done me the honor to share my joys and sorrows, is something of a stranger to our town. Being a mere man, I feel that I need your help to make her feel at home amongst us; so I'm going to depend upon you women folks to make her feel perfectly at home here. I know you will do this, just as my first wife would do if she were here to-day. I miss her considerable at times, but more than usual on an occasion like this."

*Howard Morse*

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### A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

*By Celia Myrover Robinson*

"Malindy Johnson, gwine down de street?  
Malindy, chile, yo' looks mighty sweet!  
Tell me, honey, wha' yo' gwine?  
Yo' sho am dress up mighty fine!"  
Malindy den she turn an' say:  
"La, Mr. Jones! How yo' do to-day!"  
"Malindy, chile, I do declare  
De worl' am treat yo' mighty fair!  
Yo' 's lookin' scrumshus, I be boun'!"  
(She 's de bes' washer in dis town!)  
Malindy say: "Now, Mr. Jones!  
I don' like dem jokin' tones!"  
I say: "La, honey, dis ain't no joke.  
Malindy, chile, ef I wa'n' broke  
I sho' would ast yo' to be mine."  
Malindy say, "Yo' sho am kin'!"  
An' den she toss her head an' say,  
"But I don' like yo', man, noway."  
"Now, 'Lindy, chile, yo' take dat back,  
Fer I likes yo' a heap, an' dat 's a fac'.  
Yo' 's de gal fo' me, I will be boun'!"  
(She 's de bes' washer in dis town!)

## Walnuts and Wine

Malindy den she duck her head.  
“ Goodness me ! ” wuz all she said.  
I took her han’ an’ den I say :  
“ I gwine ma’y yo’, chile, dis day !  
Dey ain’t but one t’ing dat I lack,  
An’ dat’s de license, dat am a fac’ ! ”  
Malindy den she sorter smile,  
An’ duck her head fer quite a while,  
An’ den she answer sof’ an’ low :  
“ I ain’t carin’ ‘f you am po’ ;  
I got t’ree dollars to give my man  
To buy de license, an’ hyah’s my han’ ! ”  
An’ den I kiss her good an’ soun’ !  
(She’s de bes’ washer in dis town ! )

### HE CAUGHT ON

Soon after the girls of a family residing in one of Philadelphia’s suburbs had been installed in a fashionable seminary near that town, their names had been transformed in accordance with the practice obtaining at the seminary. Mabel had become Maybelle; May, Maeme; and soon Jessie caught the infection.

She wrote a letter to her elder brother Sam, and signed it “ Jessie.” Sam detected the signs of the times, and this was his reply :

DEAR SISTER JESSICA:

Your letter received. Aunt Marica and Uncle Georgica started for Bostonica yesterday. Mamaica and Papaica are well.

I bought a new bull terrier yesterday. She is a beauty; her name is Maudica.

Your affectionate brother,

SAMICA.

Elgin Burroughs

### JOHN’S FIRST BATH

Little John had just graduated from his tin bath-tub and was being given his first bath in a stationary one. The shining faucets and fixtures of the porcelain tub so fascinated the child that he could not be persuaded to leave the water, and his nurse was at a loss to know how to get him out without his making an uproar. But when she removed the stopper and the water began flowing down the waste pipe with the peculiar sound it always makes, John set up a howl. “ Take me out ! ” he cried in terror. “ I’m goin’ froo ! ”

H. B. A.

## Walnuts and Wine

### THE BARYE LION

The following essay is the "composition" evolved by one of the small boys to whom was given as a subject "The Barye Lion," a copy of which adorned the schoolroom. His grammar and actual facts seem to have become confused, but his delight in the adventurous and his talent for making the best of his material is clearly evident:

#### The Barye Lion

The Barye lion is the one that devoured Mr. Barye the sculpter at the end of a long and useful life given up to the sculping of animals. He was considered wonderful and his death was a pity. The untimely demise was caused by the sad fact that as he was about to sculp a lion one day in africa, the lion with a roar shook itself loose from Mr. Barye's grasp and ate him up. It must have been a painful demise. The lion was then photographed and copied in clay as a monument to Mr. barye's fearless and pleasant lifework of sculpting.

JOHN HAYES.

Nina A. Royall



### BY ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION

When discussing the growth of prohibition the other day, Hoke Smith, ex-Governor of Georgia, told the following story.

"You can't buy rum and rump with the same half-dollar," he remarked, "but you can, with the same coin, buy beef and brawn. That's as true in the right sense as it was false in the case of an old slave once owned by the father of a friend of mine. The planter had lost a pig, and accused old Sambo of appropriating the same.

"'Sam, you stole that shoat,' he declared.

"'No, I did n't, Marse Ridgely,' answered Sam; "'deed I did n't, suh.'

"'Why, Sam, both Tom and Sylvester saw you do it. They tell me so themselves.'

"'Dey do, suh? Well, dey des did n't see nuffin' o' the kind. Case why? Case I did n't steal yo'-all's shoat: I des tuk 'im.'

"'I don't understand you, Sam. There's no difference between stealing and "just taking" something that does n't belong to you.'

"'Oh, yes, dey is, Marse Ridgley,' Sam contested. 'If I'd sold 'im, dat 'd been diff'rent, but I only et 'im. It's dis-a-way: dat's you-all's shoat, an' I'm yo'-all's nigger. Well, suh, now it's true yo' got less shoat, but yo' got more nigger.'"

R. W. Kauffman

Walnuts and Wine

# PEARS'



The  
Light of  
Beauty

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
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## Walnuts and Wine

### SHE MEANT WELL

A clergyman, still on the under side of fifty, but extremely bald on the back of his head, was one time called upon to address the inmates of an old-woman's home. His remarks appealed strongly to the old ladies, and when the address was over one of them confided to him with much feeling the pleasure his words had given her. "There's no use talking," she concluded: "the young ministers may be all right enough, but they can't reach the heart like them as has gone through life and knows what it is to be growing old."

"That's very true," responded the clergyman, somewhat taken aback; "but—but how old do you suppose I am?"

"Well, I'm not good at guessing ages," replied the old lady; "but you look about eighty behind."

*Clifford Howard*



### PROMPT OBEDIENCE

*By Etta Anthony Baker*

She once wrote a story  
And rolled it up tight,  
Addressing it clearly,  
With postage just right;  
Then wrote on the flap  
Of the wrapper that hid it,  
"Return to Miss Jones"—  
And the editor did it!



### CHILDREN AND FOOLS SPEAK THE TRUTH

A clergyman in Chillicothe, Ohio, was summoned in haste by a woman who had been taken suddenly ill. The reverend gentleman went in some wonder, for he knew that she was not of his parish, and was, moreover, said to be devoted to her own minister, the Reverend Mr. W—.

While he was waiting in the parlor, before being shown to the sick room, he fell to talking with the little girl of the house.

"It is very gratifying to know that your mother thought of me in her illness," said he. "Is Dr. W— out of town?"

"Oh, no," answered the child, in a matter-of-fact tone, "Dr. W— is n't away. Only we thought it might be something contagious; and we did n't want to take any risks."

*Fenimore Martin*

Walnuts and Wine

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do wonders for the skin and complexion of those who lead an outdoor life. The continued daily use of

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will improve a poor complexion and preserve a good one. For vacation days Mennen's is a necessity and a comfort. It prevents and relieves Chafing, Sunburn and Prickly Heat. After shaving and after bathing it is delightful. In the nursery it is indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

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Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper). Special prepared for the nursery. *No Samples*

Sent free, for 2 cent stamp to pay postage, one set Mennen's Bridge Whist Tallies, enough for six tables.



The Box  
that lox

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## Walnuts and Wine

### FORESTALLED

*By Frederick Moxon*

O Tom (or was it Thomas?) Hood,  
Whose poorest puns are still so good  
    Surpass them no one can, sir,  
I wish to me, a wit unskilled,  
Your jester's mantle you had willed—  
    Yea, just the hood might answer!

O Mark, whose other name is Twain,  
Might I that lofty mark attain,—  
    Your trick of loosing laughter!  
Or else with you collaborate,  
That so in Fame's united state  
    We twain should live hereafter.

O ye, the Humorists of note  
Whose ticklers people read, and quote  
    (Your names, I need not hint them).  
You plagiarizing, funny folks!  
Why will you steal my verse, my jokes,  
    Ere I have time to print them?

38

### OUTWITTED THE LANDLORD

When recently leasing a house in a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia the lessee failed to examine closely the terms of the lease. After a time his landlord called and reminded him that he was bound to do all the outside painting at certain intervals. The tenant protested in vain; so he engaged painters and ordered them to paint the whole front of the house red, white, and blue—in stripes.

When it was finished the neighborhood rose up in arms, and the landlord was frantic. The tenant politely explained that there was nothing in the lease about the color, so he intended to finish the job by painting the back of the house green with large yellow spots. The landlord saw that he had met his match and within a few days the tenant had a new lease in which the landlord undertook to do all the outside painting.

*Olive Lanson Ryder*

Walnuts and Wine



## Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

**Falling Hair.** Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory in these cases.

**Dandruff.** Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs.

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**Your Doctor.** Show this formula to your family physician. He is acquainted with each ingredient, hence can give you a valuable opinion concerning its use for falling hair, dandruff, etc.

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**Capsicum.** Stimulant, tonic. Increases activity of all the glands and tissues of the scalp.

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**Sulphur.** Absolutely essential for the prompt and total destruction of the "falling-hair germ" and the "dandruff germ."

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**Water. Perfume.**

**DOES NOT CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR**

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## Walnuts and Wine

### STILL GROWING

A crippled peddler came hobbling to our door one day, and my aunt sympathetically inquired the cause of his lameness.

"You ain't Christian Science, mum, be ye?" he asked. "No, I s'pose not. It's jest my luck. Well, mebbe you know of two kind-hearted old ladies livin' together—you can't mistake 'em; one has a squint an' the other has a mole alongside her nose. No? Well, I'm not goin' to miss 'em for not askin'. I want to see them old ladies mighty bad."

It transpired from his artless ramblings that he had fallen when a child and injured his hip in such a way as to check the growth of his left leg.

"But," interrupted my aunt, "your left leg is——"

"Yes, mum, I'm a-comin' to that presently. A year ago I sold a paper of pins to two old ladies in Broomwich, as 'lowed that Mother Eddy's method would lengthen that leg. Seemed to me I'd heard of leg-pullin' in that connection, an' I judged I might as well give it a try, so I told 'em to go ahead with their absent treatment. Mebbe you can guess how tickled I was when that short leg actually began to grow by the follerin' week. It kep' on growin' steady, and within six months I was again in Broomwich with two ekal legs an' a heart full of gratitude for them kind ladies. Well, they was gone. I never had no chanct to thank 'em. I did n't mind that so much, but in another month I seen my left leg was still a-growin'—did n't know enough to stop. I went to Broomwich in a hurry, an' tried to find out where they'd moved, but nobody knew. Well, good day, mum, I'll be joggin' along, for I've got to find them old ladies and switch their treatment on the other leg. Need n't tell *me* there's nothing in Christian Science!"

*Charlton Lawrence Edholm*

34

### A HIGH-HANDED ACTION

The Bible-class teacher in a certain Sunday school was extremely annoyed at the noise made by pupils in the next room. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he looked over the partition and, seeing one boy talking louder than the others, he leaned over and hoisted him over the partition, and banging him into a chair, said, "Now be quiet."

Some minutes later a small head appeared over the partition and a meek voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

*Emily Rhodes*

Walnuts and Wine



# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

Ordinary chewing-gum may be all right for some folk, but the discriminating kind of people prefer CHICLETS—that dainty pearl-gray, mint-covered, candy-coated chewing-gum, so full of fragrance and delight and satisfaction.

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## Walnuts and Wine

### WHY DOES A DUCK?

*By Karl von Kraft*

"Now why do the ducks go in to swim?"  
Said Jonathan Quiz to old Bill Stout.  
"From divers motives," said Bill to him,  
"And for sun-dry reasons they all come out."

### CONGRATULATIONS WANTED

On entering his club one evening not long ago a young Philadelphian was accosted by a friend, who exclaimed:

"Why, Charley, you are positively beaming! What's up?"  
"I'm in the greatest luck imaginable," responded the other.  
"You know, I've been hanging about a pretty Yonkers girl for almost a year. During all this time she would never admit that she loved me; she would only say that she respected me. But now, old chap, congratulate me, for last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me!"

*Edwin Tarrisse*

### How He EXPLAINED

The dissatisfied voter had dropped out of his regular party and tried something else at the previous election. When he appeared to register for the next primary there was some hitch in the proceedings.

"Did n't you vote the prohibition ticket last time?" inquired the clerk.

"Yes," responded the voter, unabashed.

"How do you explain that?"

"Well, you see," he explained, with charming frankness, "I was drunk at the time and did n't know what I was doing."

The clerk accepted the explanation as quite satisfactory and took him back into the fold again.

*W. J. Lampton*

### AN UNINTENDED KNOCK

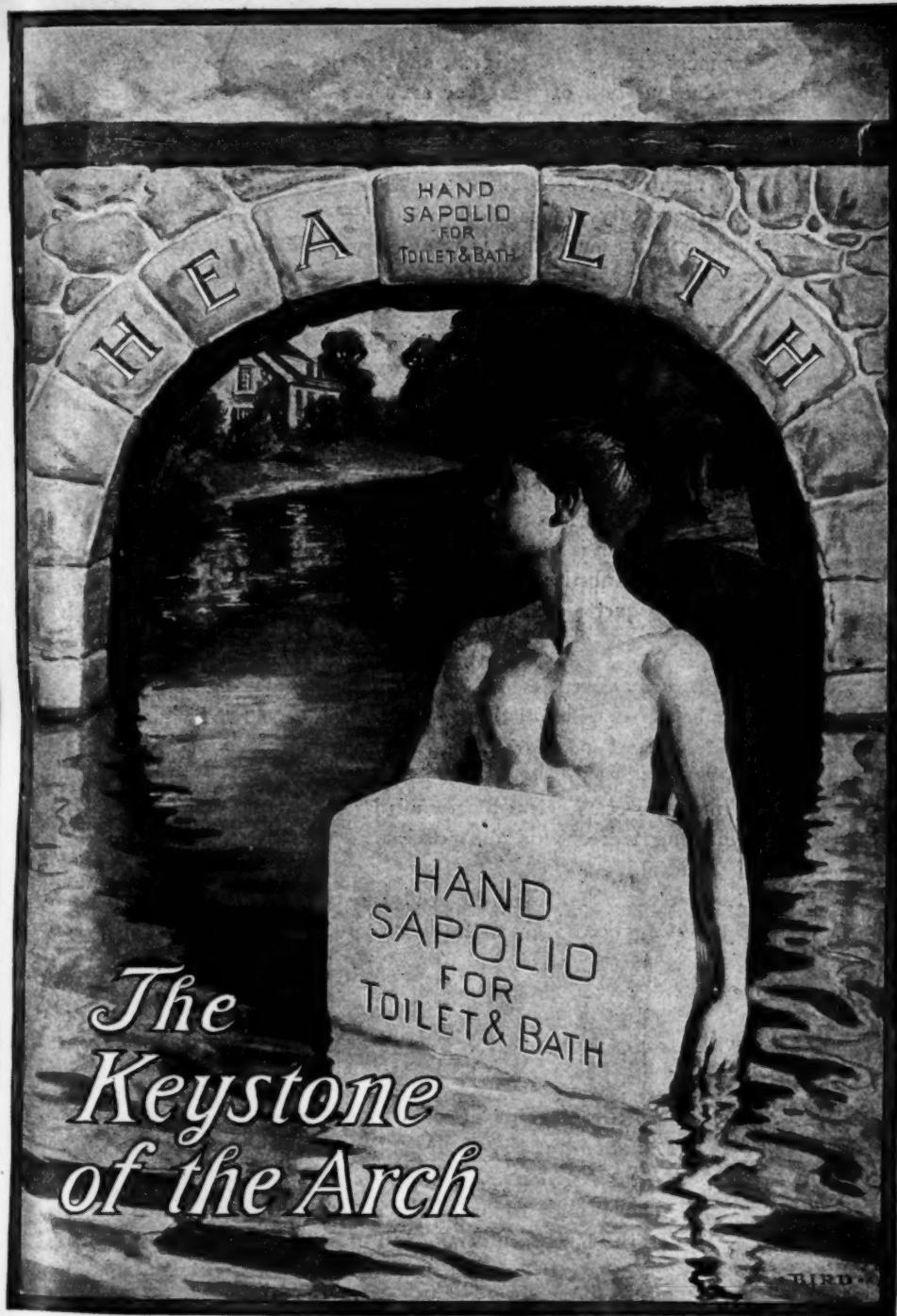
He was five years young, he lived out on Boston's Fenway, and he was constant and sincere in his thirst for knowledge. One afternoon, when Mother had quite lost count of his all-but-endless queries, came this: "Muzzer, where is granfazzy?"

"He's at his home in Philadelphia," was the reply.

Then from young Boston: "Vy don't he live in a city?"

*Warwick James Prior*

Walnuts and Wine



*The  
Keystone  
of the Arch*

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## Walnuts and Wine

### BASEBALL

Now must art, letters, religion, and politics subordinate themselves. The question of "art for art's sake" must yield to the question of "baseball for baseball's sake, and if so, what's the score?"

Now, nightly, in every neck, nook, and niche of the nation, the world nervously pauses until the ticker ticks this tale which is fraught with so much that is vitally important to the starving hordes of this great United States.

Now, daily, Casey or O'Flaherty or some other captain of baseball is altering the whole complexion of history by muffing an easy pop-up at a critical moment, or catching a man napping at third.

The pennant is the *summum bonum*; the pennant, a mighty flag which vies with the Stars and Stripes for supremacy. It is well. It is passing well. The computation of batting averages is good practice in arithmetic for the youth of the country, while our adult population is provided with a topic of conversation which offers a splendid substitute for those more intimate matters which our books of etiquette eschew.

*Ellis O. Jones*



### HE HAD BETTER NOT TRY IT.

At a barber-shop in Pittsburg the laugh was on a policeman who after a shave and hair-cut turned to leave the shop without paying.

"Thirty-five cents, please," reminded the proprietor.

"Go 'long there," said the policeman; "ain't you going to do it for nothin'?"

"Not on your life," was the ready answer. "You don't run 'round arresting people for nothing, do you?"

*B. R. L.*



### ON LIVING IN THE PRESENT

*By F. Moxon*

The preachers of Simple Philosophy say:

"Dream not of the Future,—live wholly To-day."

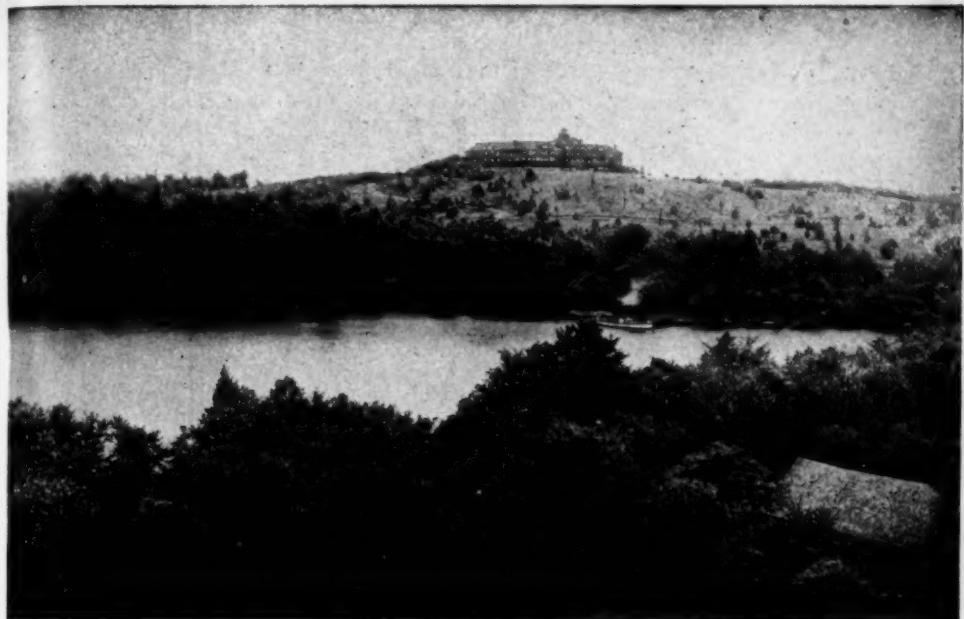
But I find it exceedingly pleasant

With Winnie for comrade, in fancy to roam

To the time when her Pa will present us a home,

For *then* we shall live in the present!

Walnuts and Wine



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## Walnuts and Wine

### THE MIDNIGHT OIL

Poets like to sing songs of the sunrise, but very few of them ever care to witness that daily miracle. Bliss Carman does n't, at any rate. He hates the morning, and consequently makes a practise of sleeping through it. Indeed, just in order to avoid the morning, he has been known to sit up nearly all night, the better to assure a doze until noon.

One day, at about eleven A.M., a candid friend called on Carman and had to wake him out of a sound slumber.

"Look here, Bliss," he remonstrated, "what are you doing in bed at this hour?"

"I was up late last night," yawned the poet, painfully struggling back to consciousness.

"Well," commented the candid friend, "you 're simply bound to shorten your days by the sort of life you 're leading."

Carman stretched most unpoetically.

"No doubt," he said; "but if I 'm shortening my days, I 'm at least lengthening my nights." *R. W. Kauffman*

\*•\*

### THE LATEST

*By Karl von Kraft*

"What is the newest thing in kids?"

The shopper asked of a sad-faced wight.

He paused as he lifted the glove-box lids,

And then replied, "Why, twins last night!"

\*•\*

### A GOOD MEMORY

The gift of memory was being discussed, when Alice wisely said:

"Mother 's got a good memory; she can remember things a heap further back than any of us children can."

*H. C. Wood*

\*•\*

### A LETTER

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Herewith find a collection of Walnuts and Wine in prose and verse. Don't send them all back to me as you did the last time, please; it hurts my vanity and discourages effort. By heck, you don't know how difficult it is to turn out good stories like these are. What?

Stamped envelope as a mere habit.

Yrs.

NOTE: The collection was not fit to print; but the note is.

*Editor*

Walnuts and Wine

# LAST CALL!

Our contract with McClure's Magazine expires on October 25.

After that date it will no longer be possible to secure Lippincott's and McClure's on the present terms.

The price must then go up to a normal figure—about 30% increase.

We advise our subscribers to take advantage of this last call.

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## Walnuts and Wine

### SUMMER

*By Ellis O. Jones*

A leafy book,  
A sandy girl,  
A shady duke,  
A wavy curl.

A tacky yacht,  
A cool remark,  
A sparkling bot,  
A spoony park,

An ardent son,  
The story old,  
Bright silver mun  
Or green or gold.

A lazy man,  
A fragrant ear,  
A foaming can  
And there you are.



### A METHODICAL WIFE

A Brooklyn man tells a good one on himself. He was entertaining a friend from Philadelphia when the conversation turned upon domestic economy.

The Brooklynite had just explained how careful his wife was in everything. She had a place for every object in the house, and in that place the object was invariably to be found.

"Just to show you," said the proud hubby, "I may say that after I had dressed this morning and turned out the gas, I found that I had forgotten a handkerchief. I opened the chiffonier drawer, and there in the corner, as usual, was a pile. I took the top one, and did not have to strike a match. Here is the handkerchief. I have not even unfolded it."

Whereupon the Brooklynite triumphantly shook out the folds of the object, which he proceeded to flaunt in his friend's face. Then both burst into laughter. The Brooklyn man was waving a baby's shirt!

T.

# A Sumptuous Set of Shakespeare

*On Remarkable Terms*

**Lippincott's Magazine** has just imported an ideal set of Shakespeare—the most artistic and pleasing for a library table that one can imagine. We offer them now on terms so low as to be within the reach of all.

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**The Volumes** are twelve in number, size  $4 \times 6 \frac{1}{4}$  inches, averaging over 350 pages each.

**The Bindings** are a deep red full morocco and a durable cloth, rich and substantial, gilt tops and lettering, Shakespearian monogram on sides—models of beauty and refinement.

**The Paper** is fine English laid rag, spotless and opaque while light and delicate.

**The Type** is large, clear, and clean—satisfying to the eye and easy to read.

## Enclosed in a Rich Morocco Case

These twelve sumptuous volumes are appropriately enclosed in a full red morocco case, size  $10 \frac{1}{4} \times 6 \frac{3}{4} \times 4 \frac{1}{2}$  inches. The case bears the name and the coat of arms of the immortal bard stamped in gold upon the top and front—which lift and lower, respectively, so as to disclose the handsome volumes within.

**The Magazine** we offer with this set speaks for itself. LIPPINCOTT'S is without a rival as a high-class purveyor of fiction, fact, and fun. The next two years will show marked improvements month by month.

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Date.....

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It is understood that the books are to be delivered, prepaid, by Lippincott's Magazine, at once, but that the right and title does not pass to me until the amount is fully paid. I will return the books at your expense after five days' examination if I do not like them, and you are to return my money in full.

Sign }  
Here }.....

Address .....

## Walnuts and Wine

### TEMPUS WAS FUGITING

The clock in the public library reading-room indicated twenty minutes to one, and the reader, with a glance at it, opened another volume and entered upon the last lap before luncheon. A quarter of an hour later he looked up again, and started violently. The hands intimated that four was soon to strike. A panic-stricken suspicion that he must have slept through the interval, and missed both luncheon and hours of reading, was not born out by a survey of the neighboring students, who seemed to be distributed exactly as he had last noticed them. Another glance at the clock. It was five minutes past seven! But the reader's brain was saved by the sudden appearance of the head and shoulders of a mechanic above the time-piece, and this time the hands were whirled about from the outside. And the reader went out for luncheon and fresh air.

*Warwick James Price*

\*•\*

### DISAPPOINTED

At a dinner of a legal association held in Washington not long ago one of the speakers told of a farmer's son in Illinois who conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went up to Springfield, where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well known attorney.

At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked his father.

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill gloomily.  
"I'm sorry I learned it."

*Edwin Tarrisse*

\*•\*

### DIAGNOSED

*By M. M. Lee*

At the advent of Athena  
Puzzled doctors tried in vain  
To determine Zeus' trouble:  
He had daughter on the brain.

\*•\*

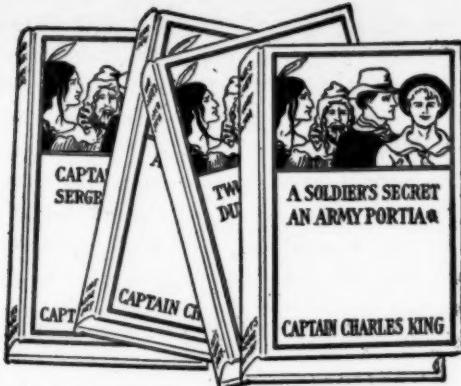
### A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT

"Would any of you little girls like to go to heaven?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"No 'm, not this summer. We're going to the sea-shore," answered Ethel promptly.

*Henry C. Wood*

## Walnuts and Wine



## Free with Lippincott's Magazine

"Captain" King's captivating novels of army life have charmed countless thousands. He is the prince of army romancers. To-day his books are read and re-read by multitudes. Zest and plot, action and character drawing, love and intrigue, heroism and patriotism—all lead his readers with intense fascination through every page. These books are worth reading and worth owning.

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The Magazine may be sent to one address and the books to another.

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## Walnuts and Wine

### HE KNEW

A teacher in an East Side school was trying to explain some of the simpler phenomena of electricity and at the close of her little lecture she asked sweetly, "Now can any of you children give me the name of some non-conductor and tell us about it in a few words so that we can all understand?"

A sharp-eyed street urchin jumped up and down in his seat, waving his grimy paw frantically. "I kin, teacher!" he exclaimed. "Billy Hogan's old man is one. They was a spotter on his car seen him knock down a fare. Old Hogan's a non-conductor ever since."

*Charlton Lawrence Edholm*

### THE SAFER WAY

*By Sam S. Stinson*

To steal a kiss is not amiss,  
Though it may lead to sorrow.  
The burden of my song is this:  
To steal a kiss is not amiss.  
But why become a thief of bliss,  
When you can simply borrow?  
To steal a kiss is not amiss,  
Though it may lead to sorrow.

### NO QUESTIONS ALLOWED

When a certain member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet took up his portfolio he was much impressed by the business-like rapidity with which his colored messenger fed him with a great number of papers and letters to sign.

One day the Secretary was going through the process like a well-oiled machine, the messenger shuffling the documents toward him one by one and carefully arranging them on their return trip.

All at once the Secretary's attention was attracted by a few words in a letter. They held his attention for some time. He began to harbor some doubt. "What's all this about, anyway?" the Secretary murmured to himself.

Whereupon the messenger indicated with his finger a certain blank space in the paper. "I don't know what the nature of the paper is, sir," he said, in a decisive tone that brooked no contradiction, "but you puts your name right there, sir."

*Elgin Burroughs*